

"THE ENEMY" and "HORSE-SHY." COMPLETE FILM STORIES
IN THIS ISSUE.

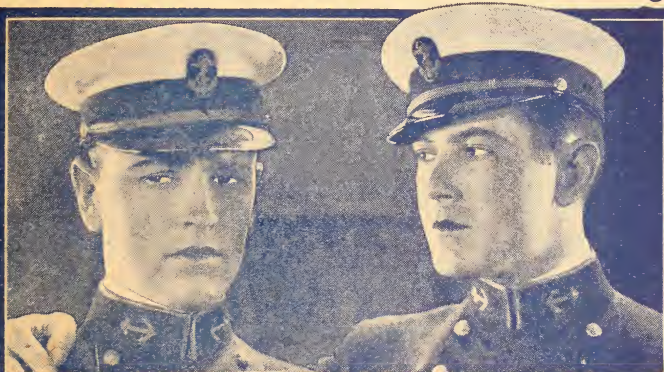
BOY'S CINEMA

2^d Every Tuesday

No. 531.

February 15th, 1930.

Weekly



A thrilling
romance of
two naval
cadets.

Starring
John Mack
Brown.

BRANDED A COWARD

GLOSSY PHOTO CARD OF **William Boyd** FREE WITH
THIS ISSUE.

The NEWS REEL

All letters to the Editor should be addressed c/o BOY'S CINEMA, Room 186, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Stutterers and Stammerers Needed.

Clear-speaking voices are apparently not all that the talking films want. Recently the First National Studios sent out a call for people who could lisp, stammer or stutter. Among those who lisped of the candidates applying was a twelve-year-old Negro girl for a part in "The Forward Pass," a football picture which shows how the American game is played. Stuttering men and stammering women were also among the applicants.

Risky Work.

In "Love Never Dies," Colleen Moore's new picture, there is a scene showing an air battle between German and English aeroplanes. There were altogether sixteen machines performing all kinds of stunts, as diving, looping, and tail-spinning, and occasionally one of the planes would fall in flames to the earth. The really risky part of this scene lay in the fact that often several of the machines were so close together that had it not been for the skillful

manœuvring of their pilots there might have been a serious accident.

"Branded a Coward."

Bill Dunn, John Mack Brown; Herbert Luff, Hugh Allan; Betty Allen; Jeanette Loff; "Bulge," Maurice Ryan; "Skeeter," William Bakewell; Lieutenant Dunn, Robert Bosworth.

"The Enemy."

Pauli Arndt, Lillian Gish; Carl Beland, Ralph Forbes; Bruce Gordon, Ralph Emerson; Professor Arndt, Frank Currier; Uggut Bohrend, George Fawcett; Fritz Winkelmann, John S. Peters; Jan, Karl Dane.

NEXT WEEK'S GRAND FILM STORIES.



In the Long Ago.

Few picturegoers know that as long ago as 1917 the Edison company endeavoured to make talking films. Jack Muhlall made his vocal debut in one of them. Ordinary gramophone records were used in synchronisation with these pictures, but they were not a success, for there were then no loud speakers, and the other mechanical devices so necessary nowadays were also unknown. Since then inventors have made big strides.

A Golden Goose.

All of us have heard of the goose that laid golden eggs. But a golden goose is a bird one would not hope to see even in a zoo. There is a golden goose, however, which will be seen in "No, No, Nanette," and the name of this strange bird is Tessie. It may be as well to explain that Nature is not responsible for Tessie's fine colouring. That was the work of studio experts, for apparently a goose of an ordinary colour was not good enough for the story.

So Tessie was well sprayed with a golden hue, but after the scene in which she appears had been filmed the director felt a bit uneasy. He thought the paint might badly affect the health of the bird, and so a property boy, armed with a hatchet, was deputed to find the goose and kill it. Meanwhile, Tessie, remembering she had another important duty to perform, laid an egg. It was not golden, of course, but the discovery of it saved Tessie's life and she was permitted to retain her golden plumage.

Barthelmess Learns Chinese.

Richard Barthelmess is learning to speak Chinese. This, we are assured, is no Press Agent's yarn, but the simple truth. His new picture is called "Son of the Gods," in which he will portray a Chinese youth, and in order that he may ably play his part, he is being tutored in one of the most difficult languages of the East. We offer him our sympathy, and wish him good luck.

(Continued on page 28.)

Blake again—in a most sensational and thrilling serial story of mystery, plot and counterplot. The adventures of a clever detective against the master-minds of the underworld. It is the first "talkie" serial ever made. Don't miss the opening episode next week! Starring Crauford Kent and Florence Allen.

"THE PHANTOM CITY."

The deserted city of the plains and how an intrepid cowboy was sent there on a dangerous mission. His hairbreadth escapes and amazing riding turned the tables against a gang of crooks. Starring Ken Maynard.

"DARK SKIES."

An all-talking drama of the exploits of an intrepid rum-runner versus the Revenue Patrols. Starring Wallace McDonald and Shirley Mason.

"TEMBI."

A splendid picture-supplement of wild animals, filmed at great personal risk by the well-known explorer, Cherry Kearton.

He accepted the blame for another's offence and nearly ruined his career. An appealing romance of two naval cadets and a charming girl. Starring Johnny Mack Brown.



BRANDED A COWARD

Annapolis.

WHEN Bill arrived at the small junction at Odenton to wait for the local train into Annapolis, he was beginning to get uncomfortable.

Three long years seemed to stretch before him like a century. During those years, almost completely cut off from his family for the best part of the time, he would have to work like fury.

He took comfort from the fact that his father was in the Navy. Because of this he would probably have a better time than most. Old man Dunn was only a junior officer himself—even though he was nearly fifty—for he had worked his way up from the lower deck of the service, and only in exceptional cases did rankers soar to the dizzy heights of commander.

Bill reckoned he had a better chance than his old man. He was starting in the senior service as a cadet, which meant that after only three years he would get what his father struggled twenty-eight years to achieve—a commission. After that the sky was the limit. The important rank of Admiral of the Fleet, the highest immediately under First Sea Lord, was within the reach of every cadet who started at the naval academy at Annapolis.

In spite of the fact that Bill felt a little lost, as though all his old associations had suddenly fallen away from him, his ambitions compared with the next fellow's very favourably. Already he could imagine himself wearing the uniform of supreme command, watching his battleships sweep past in salute on his annual inspection of the fleet, and listening to the forward six-pounders booming across the waves in acknowledgment of his authority. Already he could visualise the eight o'clock salutes from naval dockyards, which would announce to the stations that he had arrived for his periodical visits,

and see the bunting being run up to the masthead of every vessel in harbour as the echoes of the gunfire rumbled away into the distance.

He smiled thoughtfully as he stood on the small wayside station, and life felt better. After all, he argued to himself, all these things were possible in time. It was just a matter of working hard and waiting patiently enough. The Admiralty could not help recognising his worth sooner or later, and then the coveted position would be won.

The fact that he had not yet even begun his training at the naval academy did not disturb him in the least. Hang it all, everyone had to start sometime, and he was starting now. But he was starting with a difference. To him, nothing was impossible. He would leave the other cadets far behind. His abilities would dazzle his superiors.

Bill's imagination had just brought him to the point where he was conducting a battle and wiping a fleet twice the size of his own completely off the surface of the seas, when he felt a touch on his arm.

"Got a match?" inquired a voice. He turned to see a fellow about his own age standing before him, cigarette in hand.

"Sure," he replied, and brought out a lighter. He watched in silence while the other lit up, and then spoke again.

"Is this the right platform for Annapolis?"

"It is," was the reply. "Are you bound for the naval academy?"

"Yes."

"So am I. We might as well go along together."

Bill liked the idea, and said so. So they exchanged names, and found that the stranger was Herbert Luff.

"It's a great life we're going to," Bill went on when they had introduced

themselves. "I reckon you and I ought to be pals. What do you say?"

Herbert inspected him much as he would inspect a new suit that he was buying. He was not exactly a gracious individual, and made no attempt to be. "Well, I suppose it's all right," he said casually. "I've certainly got to pal up with somebody, and you'll do as well as anybody else. At least, until I have time to look round."

Bill looked at him wrathfully. There was something about this chap he did not like. He seemed so superior—so cocksure that he was the only person in the world that mattered.

Bill was about to make some caustic remark, when he thought better of it. No use making enemies right at the start, he reflected. After all, this offensive way of speaking might only be an unfortunate habit, and he might not really mean to be like that.

"You and I will get on mighty well together," Bill replied, making a strenuous effort to be friendly. "I reckon I can be useful to you, too. You see, my father's in the Navy, and he knows the ropes. It's going to help a terrific lot."

"Is that so?" Herbert surveyed him once more with that sweeping stare, but this time his glance was more interested. "Well, what with your influence and my brains, we ought to be in a position to run this place very shortly. People at the top get a bit irksome unless you get some hold on them, you know."

"Er—yes." Bill was not quite sure what to say. It was obvious that Herbert was entirely unaware of the conditions of life in the Navy. He thought it best to change the subject. "I shall do well here," he went on. "I'm going to put my back into it. I want to be Admiral of the Fleet one of these

February 15th, 1930.

days, and if we're friends I'll see that you are made my chief of staff."

Herbert made a deprecatory gesture. On his face there was very nearly a sneer.

"You flatter yourself," he said ironically. "Only one man can be Admiral of the Fleet, and that's going to be me. It's brains they want—not fathers in the Navy."

Bill turned away, trying to hide his annoyance. A whistle shrieked in the distance.

"I think that is our train," he said quietly.

In the Cannon's Mouth.

CADET WILLIAM DUNN, snapped the officer of the day.

"Sir?" replied Bill promptly. "You are allotted to cabin number 46, ground floor. Have you any friend you would like to share the cabin with?"

"Yes, sir," Bill indicated Herbert. He did not know anyone else. "Cadet Herbert Luff, sir."

"Very well. Take him along to draw kit, and report in uniform at divisions ten o'clock to-morrow morning for inspection. By that time you will be expected to have settled down."

The officer turned away to someone else, leaving Bill to carry out his orders.

Bill beckoned to Herbert, and together they went along to the quartermaster's stores. Half an hour later, equipped with a large quantity of implements of training, they made their way to the room allotted to them.

"Darn silly way to carry on," muttered Herbert as they dumped their gear on the floor. "Why in the name of thunder did that idiot with the two gold rings round his cuffs call this place a cabin when it is nothing more than an ordinary room?"

"They always do that in naval shore establishments," Bill explained. "You see, they treat it as a ship. If you want to go out for the afternoon, you have to apply for shore leave; the skipper has his cabins on the quarter-deck—that's that house on the other side of the grounds—and the place where we eat and so on is the gun-room. It has to be like that, so as to get us used to conditions on board ship."

"Darned ridiculous," Herbert commented, overlooking the fact that the Navy had been trained at Annapolis long before he arrived, and that it had always done quite well under this system. "Well, I suppose we'd better get settled in."

"I suppose so," Bill replied, and heaved his kit out to one of the beds. "I'll have this bunk."

He had chosen it quite haphazard, and without any idea of getting hold of the most comfortable one. But Herbert was not satisfied with the arrangement. He felt the springing of the remaining bed, and then tried Bill's. The result was that he removed Bill's kit, depositing it on the floor, and placed his own on Bill's bed.

"What's the big idea?" Bill demanded quickly. "I said I was having that one."

"Quite possibly," was the calm reply. "But as your future superior I feel that I am entitled to some choice in the matter."

Bill's blood began to boil. Herbert was becoming intolerable. He was behaving as though he ran the place, and Bill did not intend to stand for it. He deliberately removed the other's kit, and starting picking up his own.

Herbert countered by dropping back on to the floor each article Bill put on the bed.

February 15th, 1920.

Bill stuck it for as long as he could, and then straightened up suddenly.

"Look here, Luff," he said quietly, "I put my stuff on this bunk first, and I'm jolly well going to have it. I don't particularly care which one I have, but I'm damned if I'm going to stand for bullying tactics."

"No!" Herbert went up to him and thrust his face temptingly close. "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Have the bunk I want," Bill replied, his jaw setting with sudden obstinacy.

Herbert calmly picked up Bill's kit bag and hurled it into a corner. Then he turned his back as though he had ended the argument beyond further question.

Bill strode up to him and swung him round.

"Pick up that bag," he ordered, and in his tone there was more than a hint of danger.

"Rats," was the immediate reply.

"Pick up that bag," Bill repeated. "I'll chuck you clean out of the cabin if you don't."

"Get on with it. Don't forget that you'll want three others to help you."

Bill clenched his fists, and made a sudden movement. It was arrested by a sharp voice from the doorway. The officer of the watch was looking at them with stern disapproval.

"Pick up that bag," he said. "All this matter is that I had start," he said. He turned to Bill. "What is your name?"

"William Dunn, sir," Bill replied smartly.

"And yours?" The officer addressed Herbert.

"Herbert Luff," he replied shortly. "This egg—"

The officer held up his hand.

"I do not want any discussion upon which fault it was," he said. "All this matters is that I find you two quarrelling almost immediately you arrive. One of you will have to go to another cabin. Who wants to move?"

"I'll go," said Bill. "You're right, sir. He and I will never hit it off properly."

That was the beginning of the enmity between Bill and Herbert. It had been brought about by nothing more than a absurd difference of opinion concerning a bunk, but from its intensity it might have been caused by some deadly insult.

The commander, who in spite of the iron discipline he enforced, had the welfare and progress of each individual cadet at heart, saw the trend of the quarrel, and gave orders that Bill and Herbert were to be thrown together as much as possible. The result was that they found themselves side by side at divisions, on parade, and even at the mess table.

A month went by. During it, the cadets were slowly trained in the use of arms, each day bringing them nearer to the great event of the first stage of their new lives—a sham battle.

Suddenly the looked-for day arrived. At division on morning the commander inspected the cadets and then stood before them with a map in his hand.

"We are going to carry out practice manoeuvres," he announced. "Cadets in the starboard establishment will carry out an attack in mass upon Crownsville, the port establishment defending. The two forces will be under the command of Lieutenant-Commander Ridgley and Lieutenant Detterton respectively. Master-at-Arms."

"Sir?"

"Issue rifles, and have ammunition for the twelve-pounder landing guns loaded into limbers. The two com-

tingents will move off at twelve, and the attack will commence at three in the afternoon."

"Very good, sir."

At three o'clock to the minute the battle opened with a crackle of rifle fire and a roar from the field gun battery. Bill and Herbert, lying side by side in the tall grass beyond the landing beach, loosed off half a magazine-full of blanks at the defending party's entrenchments four hundred yards away.

"Good stuff, this," Bill observed, snuggling his chest close to the butt of his rifle. "I wish Jimmy-the-One would arrange something of the kind every day." He laughed as the tang of burnt powder drifted across his nostrils. "I say, Luff—"

Herbert clicked home the bolt of his weapon, and looked at Bill coldly.

"My name is Mr. Luff," he said. "Your father might be in the navy, but that is no reason why you should not address me properly. Furthermore, I do not think the commander would like to be called 'Jimmy-the-One.'"

Bill flushed awkwardly. Herbert was deliberately trying to be offensive, and Bill's pride was hurt, because he had tried to make friendly advances, and so end the feud.

"Oh, rats, Luff," he replied. "Commanders are called that in every branch of the service. I heard the officer of the day using it last week." He loosed off a round absently, and reloaded. "Look here, old man, can't we be pals? We—"

"Advance to gun-point," roared the lieutenant in charge of their section, and they scrambled to their feet.

In an fan order, they swooped over fifty yards of open ground, and dropped once more side by side, next to one of the guns of the field battery. Bill made a further attempt at establishing friendship.

"We can't go on like this," he said quickly. "Hang it all, we are making ourselves the laughing stock of the academy."

"You mean you are," retorted Herbert boorishly. "I do not wish to have anything to do with you. Go away and shut up."

Bill laid his rifle down. It was a deliberate movement, and it was ominous.

"Look here, Luff, I'm not going to stand for you treating me like dirt any longer," he said quietly. "You have been nothing but a pig since we first arrived, and you haven't the manners of an ape. If you can't be civil, I'm going to start trouble."

Herbert stared at him as if not understanding such accusations. He was so eaten up with his own importance that he regarded Bill's remarks as a grave injustice.

"Why, you rotten cur," he bellowed. "Who are you to say I haven't the manners of an ape? For two pips, I'd —"

But Bill had had enough. Hardly hearing the lieutenant shout "Fire, number one," and the subsequent report of the first gun of the field battery, he leapt to his feet.

"Get up," he roared. "I'll teach you to call me a rotten cur. Get up, and take what's coming to you."

Herbert needed no invitation. He threw down his rifle and jumped for Bill's head, his fist swinging heavily. Bill dodged, and they closed, swaying backwards and forwards as they were fighting for their lives.

Someone yelled at them as they began

to totter towards number four gun of the field battery. They began to fall, and at the same moment the breech-worker of the gun thought the section lieutenant had given him orders to fire. He jerked at the lanyard, and a broad sheet of flame leapt from the muzzle of the weapon.

"Battery, cease fire," the section lieutenant shouted, and rushed forward through the lifting smoke.

"I'll teach you to call me a rotten cur," Bill was yelling again, aiming a deft blow at Herbert's jaw. Herbert stopped it as the lieutenant's hand fell on Bill's shoulder. He crouched low, whimpering with fear at the nearness of the field gun above them.

"Stop that fighting, you two," the lieutenant ordered. "Get up and return to your posts."

"Oh, heavens," whimpered Herbert. "It nearly got me. I saw the flash, it almost hit me. I'd have been blown to pieces."

"Come on, man," breathed Bill, forgetting his share of the quarrel with abrupt suddenness. "Don't show them you're a coward."

Herbert scrambled to his feet as if he had been stung. The word "coward" had roused him from his terror.

"I'm not a coward. I'm not—I'm not."

The section lieutenant laid his hands on their shoulders.

"Listen, you two," he said in a kindly tone, "don't you think this row has gone far enough? You nearly got killed just now, and I'm quite certain that whatever started it isn't worth a death. What about shaking hands and calling the whole thing off?"

Bill looked at Herbert, and Herbert looked at Bill. For several seconds each hesitated. Then Bill's hand shot out.

"I'm crying quits, Herbert," he said.

"So am I," Herbert replied. "Now I come to think of it, I suppose I've been a bit of an ass. I let's forget all about it."

"Sure thing we will," Bill said as their hands clasped. "But it's not you that's the ass. It's me."

"Nothing of the sort," Herbert replied. "I was entirely to blame." "I tell you—"

The section lieutenant stepped between them. On his face was a grin.

"Don't start it all over again," he said. "You'll be having a row over who started the other one in a minute, and we shall all be as we were before."

They both laughed. The quarrel was over.

Rammed.

THE following month's manoeuvres were of a more responsible nature. The cadets had to put a chaser barrier across the mouth of the Chesapeake River, some fifteen miles wide, and keep out five submarines that had been sent specially from the West Atlantic Fleet.

Bill and Herbert found themselves de-

tailed to Submarine-chaser SC7, where they had to put into practice what they had learnt concerning four-inch semi-automatics—guns that could pump out high-explosive projectiles weighing sixty pounds each at the rate of thirty-seven rounds a minute. It was the most deadly weapon up to ranges of seven thousand yards that the Navy possessed.

The SC7 had not been out for more than an hour before the shout came, "Periscope on the port quarter, sir!" from the look-out. The lieutenant on the bridge promptly settled down behind the range-finder.

"Four thousand five hundred yards!" he shouted into the gun telegraphs. "Deflection one five right."

There was a clatter of feet as the ammunition hoists brought a supply of blank charges to the level of the deck, and the gun crews tensed themselves for the one order they wanted.

"Add two hundred!" came over the telegraphs. "One six right!" There was silence while the range was being corrected. "Port number one—fire!"

The immediate response was a spurt of cordite flame as the gun roared. Almost before the sound had died down the breech closed over another round.

"Steady at four thousand seven hundred, one six right!" the lieutenant went on. He looked down at the gleaming guns beneath him, and saw that all was in order. "Independent!"

There was a shattering roar as four guns broke into life simultaneously, their crews throwing themselves with zest into seeing how much ammunition they could get rid of before the order came to stop. The gunlayers, teleported over their ears, strained for the next word of command.

The light craft began to rock under the force of the firing, while aeroplanes

hovered overhead watching the progress of the battle in order that their observers could judge whether the attackers or the defenders were winning.

Suddenly the submarine at which they had been firing disappeared beneath the surface.

"Check!" shouted the lieutenant, and it was repeated by the gunlayers.

The breechworkers drew out the safety handles, and the guns relapsed into silence. Almost at once the buzzer in the wireless cabin could be heard working.

A few tense seconds passed, and the operator handed to the lieutenant a slip.

"Not that time," the slip ran. "He dived and eluded you."

"Shucks," said Bill, when the message was made known to the crews. "I reckon we had him easily with our last five rounds. What do you say, Herbert?"

Herbert, who had been in charge of the sights, shifted one of his telepads.

"Sure we had him," he replied enthusiastically. "If we had been using real ammunition instead of blanks, we'd have smashed in his conning-tower like an eggshell. I reckon that umpire in the 'plane doesn't know what he's talking about."

"Chance stations!" came the order.

Bill and Herbert at once left their posts and made their way to the bridge. During the course of the day they had to take a spell at every task on the vessel, and this time they had been assigned to navigation. Herbert took the wheel while Bill pored over the charts with a pair of dividers.

The guns began to roar once again as the submarine broke surface, and fell into silence at a message from the aeroplane that the craft had been adjudged sunk by gunfire. The lieutenant rubbed his hands.

"Good stuff," he commented to his second-in-command. "That's one of them. I think we'll try for another part of the channel now. We might be lucky and grab two, which would be more

"Stop that fighting, you two!" the lieutenant ordered. "Get up and return to your posts."



than the others can do." He turned to Bill. "Set a course for Hooper Strait. We'll investigate the shallows off Bloodsworn Island. One of them is sure to get through close to the shore."

"Yes, sir," replied Bill, and promptly set to work with dividers and parallel rulers. Presently he turned to Herbert. "North seventy-three degrees east," he said in his best professional voice.

"North seventy-three degrees east," repeated Herbert concisely, and began to ease off the chaser to its new direction. Suddenly, as if he had been struck with an idea, he looked over at the chart. "Hi, isn't that wrong, Bill?" he asked in ordinary tones. "I reckon we're not more than ten miles away from Cedar Point, and we've been going south forty-five east. The course should be very nearly due east, shouldn't it?"

Bill consulted the chart again and shook his head.

"No. According to the last D.R. position, what I said was right." "Independent!" roared the lieutenant, spotting another periscope on the horizon.

"You're wrong!" snapped Herbert, and left the wheel to see for himself.

The SC7 careered on, the eyes that were supposed to keep it safely on its course looking elsewhere. Its engines throbbed steadily, its guns roared almost without cessation, and faintly above it all came the buzzing from the wireless cabin next to the bridge.

"Check!" the lieutenant shouted as the submarine dived.

The guns became silent, and almost simultaneously with the stopping of the noise came a horror-struck shout from beneath the bows of the vessel.

"What was that?" whispered the lieutenant, suddenly turning pale. "Heavens, I believe we've—" He leapt to the engine-room telegraph. "Stop port and starboard!"

There was a gentle thud, and the shouting ceased. Then came the crisp order from forward: "Sea boat's crew!" The falls began to run out through the davit-blocks as a small cutter slipped downwards and rested itself on the surface of the water.

"We've rammed a small dinghy, sir," said the bo'sun, running up from the deck. "It's a pleasure craft with a man and a girl in it."

"Anyone hurt?" "No, sir. Both saved. Their craft is sunk, though."

The lieutenant wheeled round on Herbert wrathfully. In his eye was an angry gleam.

"What were you doing at the time of the collision, Cadet Luff?" he asked.

"Looking at the charts, sir," replied Herbert.

"That was deliberate disobedience of orders!" the lieutenant snapped. "You know quite well that you are not allowed to take your eyes off the sea ahead while at the wheel. You might have killed someone on this chaser if it had been a rock we'd hit. Report yourself under arrest when you get back, and remain in your quarters until defaulters' parade to-morrow."

"Very well, sir," Herbert said, and looked away as the lieutenant went to make his apologies to the victims of his carelessness.

The Commencement Ball.

BILL, this is perfectly rotten!" Herbert said when they met in cabin number forty-six a day

February 15th, 1930

later. He looked from his friend to two others standing by—Skeeter and Bulge, so called because the one was thin and the other fat. "Can't you fellows think up something?"

Bill shook his head. "No," he replied. "Absolutely nothing. You can't break open arrest, Herbert. It isn't done."

"But, hang it all, man, to-night there's the Commencement Ball, and Betty's coming down specially for it." Herbert looked out of the window miserably. "She's—we're as good as engaged, and—" He broke off awkwardly. "Well, you can see how it is," he finished.

Bill nodded, but it was quite beyond his powers to help. Herbert had been remanded for three days on a charge of wilfully deserting his post during manoeuvres, thereby causing damage to private property, and the skipper was waiting to hear how much the damage cost before dealing with the case further.

To make matters worse, the period of remand cut across the Commencement Ball, the greatest function of the season, when the cadets were allowed to invite their friends and relatives to an all-night dance. The dance seldom lasted a night, for it is not easy to keep awake when you are used to turning in promptly at ten o'clock every night, but rules were relaxed sufficiently to make the occasion really enjoyable.

"Well, there's only one thing for it," Herbert said after a pause. "I'll have to get you three fellows to look after her for me. You can explain what's happened, and tell her that if she likes to wait until the day after to-morrow I'll be able to see her. Will you do that for me?"

"Is she good-looking?" Skeeter asked quickly.

"Here's her photograph," Herbert replied, pulling one out of his jacket pocket.

Skeeter inspected it in silence, and then handed it back. His expression was sheepish.

"Leave it all to me, old man," he said. "I'll stick to her like glue all evening."

"Fine!" said Herbert. He turned to Bill. "Perhaps you'll take over her mother for me. She's not a bad old girl, even if she does talk a lot."

"But—" Bill began.

"Thanks so much, I knew you would."

Bill mumbled something and went away. He could not exactly call himself a success, where ladies were concerned, and he was not too cheerful about having to act as escort to one that was probably close on fifty.

Anyway, he would do what he could. After all, it was darned hard luck that Herbert should be confined to his quarters, and the least a pal could do was to put things right with his future mother-in-law.

Bill changed into his dress uniform immediately after morning watch and took the early train to a neighbouring town to have some films developed. He just managed to catch the four o'clock train back again, which would bring him into Annapolis an hour before the festivities were due to commence.

He walked down the aisle of the pullman and saw one vacant seat some paces away. Next to it was a girl.

Bill drew in his breath sharply. Her head was almost in profile as she looked out of the window at the passing scenery, and her sheer beauty almost knocked him dizzy. He stood staring at her in astonishment, hardly believ-

ing that such a glorious creature could be human.

Then he pulled himself up sharply and recollected that he was standing in the middle of a crowded car looking a perfect ass. Summoning his courage, he went to the vacant seat and sat down by her side.

The next ten minutes he spent in thinking out all kinds of devices for attracting her attention and opening up conversation. Each scheme seemed a good one until he came to try to put it into effect. Then his courage failed him completely.

He was just evolving the details of his eleventh idea when she suddenly turned.

"This is the right train for Annapolis, isn't it?" she asked. "I heard somebody behind me say that it stopped at a place called Eastport."

"Yes—er—yes!"

He cursed his tongue for having suddenly developed a tendency to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

She turned her deep blue eyes on him as if he were a new kind of lunatic.

"You don't seem very sure," she said gently.

"I am. Believe me, I am." He spoke quickly now, anxious to set her mind at rest. "You see, Eastport is the next station beyond Annapolis, and it is the terminus. I am at Annapolis myself, so I know."

"Thank you," she turned away, interested in the scenery again.

Bill tugged at his collar as if it were choking him, and ventured another remark.

"It's a nice place. Annapolis, I mean. Ever been there before?"

"Yes," the girl replied, not turning her head. "I arrived there this morning."

Bill suddenly had an idea.

"I say, you're not going to the Commencement Ball at the Naval Academy, are you?" he asked hesitatingly. "I mean, I'm at the academy myself, and if you will be there I'd like to book you for a dance." He paused, expecting a reply. When none came he blundered on: "It's frightful cheek, I know, but I—well, I thought perhaps—"

She turned round so quickly that he almost fell off his seat.

"What?" she asked.

"Eh?"

He blinked at her surprisedly.

"What did you think?"

Bill summoned the last of his will-power and prepared for immediate extermination.

"I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind my asking you, seeing that I shall be introduced to you at the ball, anyway," he explained. "You see, when all the other fellows spot you, I'm likely to get crowded out. That's why I want to fix something now."

She smiled, and her eyes danced provocingly.

"I haven't said I'm going yet," she said. "But I am, of course." She looked at him and hastily averted her head. "Why did you say you would be crowded out?" she continued softly.

"Because—because—" Bill gulped convulsively. "Well, because you're so wonderful. That's why." He became defiant now that the bridge was crossed.

"The brutes will simply swarm all over you. Anybody would. If I thought you'd agree, I'd ask you for every dance on the programme."

She turned away to the window once again, and for some time neither of them said anything more. It was not until the brakes were cringing on the



"Cadet Dunn," cried the lieutenant, "what are you doing at this hour in full-dress rig?"

wheels and the guard was coming down the car calling "Annapolis next!" that she spoke.

And all she said was:

"Till give you two dances, and you shall take me into supper."

Bill wandered back to the academy in a dream. He seemed to be walking, and yet was not conscious of the fact. Once only did he wake up, and that was to hear the bad language of a taxi-driver who had narrowly missed him as he stepped off the kerb without looking.

He got it this time. It was a case of love at first sight—so complete and overwhelming that as he walked he made plans for redoubling his energies towards becoming Admiral of the Fleet, and worked out a convincing proposal of marriage that he intended to use that same evening.

On the stroke of seven he stood by the door waiting for her to come in. His dress kit was faultless, and his gloves—an essential part of his uniform—were spotlessly white.

He saw her in the crowd and started forward to meet her. Then he observed with considerable disappointment that she was with none other than Skeeter. He drew back quickly.

"Hallo, Bill," Skeeter greeted, spotting him. "Waiting for Mrs. Allen?"

"No!" Bill snapped between his teeth. "Come over here. I've got something to say to you."

Skeeter bowed elaborately to his partner.

"Will you excuse me a moment, Miss Allen?" he said. "My friend wants me!"

"Who is she?" Bill demanded, when they were out of earshot. "Come on. Out with it!"

Skeeter looked at him with an ironical expression and then grinned. He made a warning gesture.

"Stand off," he advised. "She is not for you, Don Juan. Her name is Betty Allen, and she is as good as

engaged to Herbert. He told us so himself, and he ought to know."

Bill held his hand to his head dazedly.

"She's Betty Allen," he mumbled.

"But I met her on the train this afternoon. She's promised me two dances, and she's going to let me take her in to supper."

"Maybe," Skeeter retorted. "But she's still Betty Allen all the same. And let me tell you this, my lad. She has been entrusted to my fatherly care, and I want no funny business. Keep off!"

"You'd better be getting back to her," said Bill, suddenly very quiet. "She won't like standing about too long."

They sauntered to the doorway of the ball-room once more, and to Skeeter's intense annoyance she had already gone.

"Some other blighter's got her!" he growled. His eyes swept the crowd of couples. "Yes, there she is. It's that confounded Bulge. You wait until I get hold of him. I'll pound his fat carcass to ribbons!"

But Bill was not listening. He had quietly slipped out into the open air.

The Quarrel.

It was a long time before he ventured back into the ball-room again. The discovery that the girl he had met on the train was Betty Allen had hit him harder than he first realised.

He had never before been in love, and somehow he had thought that she was the sister of one of the cadets. In fact, he had taken it for granted. As a matter of course, he had allowed himself to weave all kinds of dreams about her, seeing in her a girl worth working for and fighting for.

And then Skeeter, in all innocence, had dropped his bombshell. She was as good as engaged to Herbert, which meant that she was in love with him, and only waiting for a formal announcement that they were to be married.

It almost knocked Bill over. His intense, sincere nature would never allow

him to treat such things lightly, and he saw at once that all the plans that were half-formed in his brain were futile. She belonged to Herbert, and that was the end of the matter.

As he walked into the crowded room again Bulge immediately sought him out.

"I say, Bill. Betty's been asking for you," he said. "She says that you booked two dances with her, and she is wondering which ones you want." He prodded Bill in the chest. "You miserable brute, you deserve to have them cancelled. She's flatly refused to make up her engagement card more than one dance ahead in case you showed up. Jolly decent of her, I reckon. If it had been me I'd have cut you right out."

"You mean it, Bulge?" Bill said incredulously. "She's been keeping those dances for me all this time?"

"She has," Bulge replied. "Get to it, my lad."

Bill got to it.

He found her in an alcove by one of the windows, examining herself and looking a little flushed.

"Hallo, Miss Allen!" he said, by way of opening a conversation. "I must apologise for running off earlier in the evening, but I had to go out somewhere."

She smiled at him, and motioned him to sit by her side.

"What a shame!" she said. "The two boys who have been dancing with me up to now have been telling me all about you. You're Herbert's friend. What a coincidence that we should have met in the train this afternoon."

"Have you seen him?" Bill asked, not quite sure of his position.

"Who? Herbert?" She shook her head. "No, but I expect I shall later on. He sent a message to say that he had been detailed for duty at the last moment and was unable to get away."

Bill nodded thoughtfully. It was what he wanted to hear. So long as he knew what yarn Herbert had told, there was no fear of him saying anything which would upset it.

"What about those two dances?" he said. "I don't really deserve them, of course, but I'd like them all the same."

"You shall have them," she replied. "Let us stop here for a little while, though. I feel so hot."

They chatted idly for a while, and were later joined by an elderly woman.

"This is mother," Betty explained. "She knows who you are, too. Mother, this is Mr. Dunn, Herbert's friend."

"Mr. Dunn?" Mrs. Allen's hand went out in warm welcome. "I'm so glad to meet you. Herbert has mentioned you in his letters to Betty quite often, and I knew you must be very nice. Betty, dear, we must have him over to tea to-morrow afternoon. I expect Herbert will still be on duty, but he won't mind. They're such good friends."

Bill intervened tactfully. The last thing he wanted was to prolong his friendship with the Allens.

"I really don't think I ought to," he said awkwardly. "You see, I have such a lot to do, and—"

Betty looked at him with pleading eyes.

"Please," she begged.

Bill had no more to say. He just nodded, his hands clenched to keep himself from taking hold of her then and there and telling her what he felt.

At four the following afternoon he presented himself at their hotel. Mrs. Allen kept him to herself for the first three hours, talking incessantly about her troubles and her family until Bill could have cheerfully murdered her. Suddenly, as if she had exhausted all her gossip, she stopped.

"Well, I must go. If you say any longer," she finished, as if she had been talking to him for only a few minutes.

"I must run along to have my hair done. But don't go yet. Talk to Betty for a little while. Take her out into the garden—it will be nice in the twilight."

Bill couldn't get out of it. Dumbly he offered Betty his arm and led her through the windows that opened on to the lawn.

When they were out of sight from the hotel she led him down a short pathway to a seat. They sat down, he edging awkwardly away from her.

She turned so that she could see his face.

"Tell me, Mr. Dunn, is Herbert really on duty, or has something happened which won't allow him to leave the grounds of the academy?"

"He's on duty," Bill said loyally.

"But surely no duties last more than four hours at a time, do they?" she persisted, and Bill realized that she had been making inquiries.

"Well, no," he admitted, his brain trying to evolve some excuse. "But, you see, this is a very special kind. It's—it's rather important in its way. He'd come if he could."

She nodded as if she understood. All the time her eyes were fixed on his.

"Of course, I know he wouldn't stop away if he could help it," she went on. "But, you see, I know him so well. He's always getting into trouble of some sort, and I thought perhaps that might be the explanation now. He's a bit of a coward, too." She sighed. "I wish he would be more careful. I wish he were like you sometimes."

Bill's head span round dizzily. Her last sentence had been spoken so softly, and it had come so suddenly, that he had been taken off his guard.

"Why like me?" she asked, instead.

"Why not like somebody else?"

"Because you are—"

She paused, her head lowered. Something in the night air seemed to be casting a spell over them, taking them away from the

February 15th, 1930.

world around them and leaving them in an eternity of their own. Neither seemed to be aware of the danger ahead.

She looked up again and faced him. Bill thought he saw in her the same mental processes that he had experienced on the train.

"Because you are not like the others," she said. "When you first met me you didn't try to make yourself objectionable. In fact, I've had an idea that you tried to avoid me last evening. You did, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

Bill hardly knew the question had been asked. He was not even listening for it.

"Because I loved you from the moment I first met you," he replied without stopping to think what he was saying. He moved nearer, and held out his hands. "Betty, I'm sorry if I've made myself seem a rotter to you, but I just couldn't help it. I don't think I've ever met anyone quite like you before, and you sort of bowled me over." He looked away. "Of course, you'll never want to see me any more. I've made love to you when you are already in love with Herbert. I think I'll go."

He attempted to rise, but she laid her hand on his—gently, but with quiet restraint.

"I was in love with Herbert once, but not now," she whispered. "I came down here to tell him. That's why I asked you all those questions about his duty just now. I thought perhaps he knew that I would tell him everything was ended and was avoiding me."

"And you—"

"I did not need to ask the question. One look, and he knew that she cared for him in return. Quickly he took her in his arms and crushed her close. His lips were pressed on hers."

A voice cut through the silence.

"So that's your game, is it, Bill Dunn?"

It was Herbert!

They sprang apart, and Betty turned away while Bill faced his friend.

"I thought something of the sort was going on," Herbert pursued angrily.

"Bulge told me that you had come over here, and I guessed it was to see Betty."

His eyes gleamed with cold fury. "When you first came here I told you you were a rotten crew. Well, I'm telling you it again."

"Herbert!" It was Betty who spoke. She spun round furiously. "How dare you speak to Bill like that! Apologise at once."

"Apologise, be hanged!" He clenched his fists, and brought one of them across Bill's face suddenly. There was nothing serious in the blow, except that it hurt Bill's pride. He tensed his muscles to spring.

Betty's hand fell on his arm.

"Leave it to me, Bill," she said quietly. "I can deal with him. Go back now, and come in the morning."

Bill relaxed. He knew what Herbert was going to hear, and did not want to make things worse for him.

"All right," he said. "I'll hang around for a little while until you go in, and then I'll clear off."

He hurried away, and as he walked rapidly towards the veranda where he could wait and watch without overhearing, his angry voices followed him.

A Blow in the Dark.

BULGE and Skeeter stood in the corridor outside their cabins, and on their faces were expressions of anxiety.

"What did he do it for?" Skeeter asked. "If he's not back by stand-to, he'll be for the high jump. I reckon they'll withdraw his training warrant and send him back home. It's no joke breaking arrest warrants."

"Ho's always like that," Bulge replied. "He wouldn't be Herbert Luff if he wasn't in trouble. The other is, he's got such a rotten temper, and a rotten mind goes with it. When he asked me where Bill was, and I told him he had gone across to tea with Betty and her mother, he walked up and down like a caged lion. He did that for two hours solid, remember. Then he suddenly started to get into his outdoor rig. I was jolly thankful when he had gone, I can tell you. I had a lot of prep. to do for old Ilallam, and a fellow can't concentrate on curved trig when anybody's stamping over the room and making an infernal row."

"Let's go to your cabin and wait," Skeeter suggested.

"Right. Come on!" They went inside and made themselves comfortable. For a while neither of them spoke.

"I suppose this will mean more trouble between them both," Skeeter began suddenly. "The old grudge is sure to come up."

Bulge shrugged his shoulders. "A lot I care. Anyway, Bill is a decent fellow, and it would be a good thing if a topping girl like Betty chucked Herbert over. He's not her sort."

Skeeter glanced at his watch. "Ten minutes to rounds," he said.

"There'll be trouble if he don't hurry. By the way, I wonder if Bill's in yet. I'll go and look."

He went across the corridor, and when he returned his face bore a troubled look. "No, by gosh. He's not. I hope they haven't had a fight and messed each other up."

Meanwhile out in the grounds all was still, except for the guard who patrolled to see that everything was in order.

Suddenly he stopped as he saw a figure climbing the wall over the western gate. Quickly he leaned his bicycle against a tree and began to hurry in the direction of the intruder.

It was Herbert. He had stayed quarrelling with Betty and her mother until long after the closing time of the gates, and he was doing his best to get in unobserved.

He dropped from the top of the wall to the ground, and began to move towards the buildings, keeping well under cover of some shrubbery. Suddenly he paused and looked round as Bill, following him closely, scrambled to the top of the wall behind him.

While he was still watching, the guard reached him.

"Now, then, young man, you're out after time," the guard said. "Turn round and let me see who you are."

Herbert almost froze where he stood. He was under open arrest, and this would mean expulsion.

Then suddenly he realised that the guard did not know his name, and in the darkness would never recognise him from the back.

Swiftly, his whole safety depending on a desperate move, he swung round and crashed his fist into the guard's face.

The old man staggered back and fell. Before he could get to his feet, Herbert was gone.

The guard mounted his bicycle and rode back to the office. He reached it just before the officer of the watch set out on his rounds, and hurriedly related what had happened.

(Continued on page 26.)

A gripping story of two chums, parted through the Great War, and how, after many horrors, they were united in Peace. Starring Ralph Forbes and Ralph Emerson.

"The ENEMY"



The War Menace.

BRUCE GORDON stood, his eyes glittering with excitement, watching the big crowd which milled about the bulletin board posted outside the café. Men were jostling one another, students from the university to which Bruce belonged were climbing on each other's backs to read the latest news.

Heavy black lettering read:

**"SERBIA REJECTS OUR
ULTIMATUM; and
DECLARATION OF WAR
IMMINENT!"**

Shouts sounded on the air, and suddenly the struggling crowd quietened as, through the uproar, there came the steady tramp of marching feet.

A company of soldiers were passing the café gardens, and Bruce leaped on to a barrel to watch them go. Beyond the moving men showed the grey, ancient stone walls of the University of Vienna, at which he was a student. They were breaking up, to-day, and Bruce was due soon to journey home to England for the holidays.

Those old walls had seen knights in mail and armoured riding to wars, now they looked on warriors of a later day. The afternoon sunshine caught the steely glitter of bayonets, and shone on the smooth barrels of rifles. The men wore full fighting equipment, overcoats rolled above their packs, pouches heavy with ammunition.

They marched steadily, hobnails clumping the cobbled surface of the road, with crowds blocking the footways, cheering them towards the train which would rush them south to the frontier. Ahead, a band blared martial music, and the sound of it set the blood leaping in Bruce's veins.

"It'll be war, Bruce!" A voice called below him, and a moment later, Carl Behrend leaped to the barrel-top and stood watching at his side.

Bruce and Carl were friends. They were the same size, broad-shouldered and clear-eyed. They were always together, closer than brothers in their friendship.

"Shall you have to go, if it is?" Bruce asked, as the last of the glittering, grim bayonets passed.

"Yes, of course!" Carl laughed, his eyes alight. "I'm an Austrian, and we're all soldiers. If we really declare war, I'll be called up. I'll have to fight—and that'll be better than studying at the university!"

"War, eh?" Bruce drove one fist into the palm of the other at the thought of it. "Gosh, I shall envy you! If England went to war, I'd have to volunteer before I'd be accepted as a soldier."

"And you'd volunteer, wouldn't you?" Carl asked.

"You bet!" Bruce exclaimed. "I say, if you have to go, couldn't I soldier with you?" They dropped off the barrel, and stood looking at one another. "I mean, we've been friends so long," Bruce went on. "We might as well fight together, if there's to be any fighting."

"That would be fine!" Carl reached for his hand, and they gripped. "But we'll wait until I'm called up first and

He broke off. The students in the café gardens had returned from the street, and now they were grouping about the grey-haired figure of old Professor Arndt, the most popular in the university—and father of someone whom Bruce regarded as the prettiest girl in all Vienna.

The professor mounted a box. Always before the class completely broke up, he made a little speech, wishing the fellows a good time during the holidays and thanking them for their expressions of goodwill.

Bruce and Carl joined the crowd, pushing to the front, and heard the old professor saying:

"Boys, we are living in exciting days, and they say that war will be on us in a matter of hours! Well, war is a very dreadful thing, and I trust that its horrors will not touch any of you or—"

That was about all that Bruce and Carl heard, because both

saw the professor's daughter, Paul, sitting on another box near her father. She was very beautiful, with her hair caught in ringlets, wearing a frock that was all filmy—the kind of frock that only a captivating Viennese girl could wear.

She smiled at the boys, and Bruce held her eyes. He saw her lift one finger and motion gently, while her lips formed the words:

"The tree—now!"

Bruce's heart jumped. He had been in love with Paul for a long time—and he knew what she meant. She was saying that she would slip away to a tree at the back of the grounds, and meet him there.

He glanced at Carl. His friend was smiling as he looked at Paul, and Bruce took his chance to ease back through the crowd. He had a glimpse of Paul running in the direction of the tree. It was a big, spreading oak, with a circular seat round its base, and he came up to the seated girl on tip-toe.

He heard the distant band blaring as it escorted the company of soldiers to the war, and the cheering of the crowds that lined the streets. War and excitement was in the air, but it was not this which made his blood race now.

He saw Paul's hand resting on the edge of the seat, and she jumped a little as his fingers closed over it. She did not look up at him, but he saw the smile which curved her shapely lips.

"Paul!" he whispered.

She turned her head quickly then. Her eyes widened and her smile died. "Oh—you?" she breathed. "I meant—"

"Paul, I saw you beckon to me!" Bruce exclaimed. "You're wonderful! I—Paul, I love you! I've—"

He checked as she drew her hand away. "But—but I didn't mean you, Bruce!" she said. "I wanted—Carl! Didn't you know, we've loved one another ever since we were kiddies? I didn't

February 15th, 1930.

think you—that you——" She stared at him. "Oh, I like you awfully, I don't want to hurt you, but there'll never be anyone for me, except Carl." Bruce's smile died. He looked at her, then grinned a little. It hurt him to do that. He alone knew how often he had dreamed of this moment, when he would tell Pauli how deep was his regard, and he had never even guessed that Carl meant anything to her.

"That's all right," he said jerkily. "So Carl's the lucky fellow, eh?"

"He was standing next to you when I beckoned," she said.

"And I thought you wanted me?" Bruce laughed. "I'll find him and send him to you."

"We've arranged a betrothal party," she said breathlessly. "He wants you to be his best man when we're married and——"

"I'll be honoured!" Bruce exclaimed. "Look, I'll find him and send him to you now. Forget what I just said, Pauli. Carl's my best friend—and I'm glad it's him!"

She caught his hand and pressed it a moment, then he turned and hurried back towards the café gardens.

"I was a silly ass to imagine that she'd ever think anything of me," he told himself. "Anyway, it's Carl!" He called suddenly as he saw his chum coming towards him. "Pauli's by the tree," Bruce said. "And congratulations, old man! I never even guessed there was anything between you two!"

"Well, we were keeping it a secret," Carl said. "We'll be having a party in a few days, and we were going to announce it, then."

Bruce gripped his hand warmly, then pushed him on towards the tree where Pauli waited, and it was as Carl went that Bruce heard a sudden cheer from around the bulletin board. He ran forward, and he was in time to see a notice pasted up there:

"AUSTRIA DECLARES WAR ON SERBIA."

Bruce did not know it, but in that moment he was watching the start of the greatest war in all the history of the world, a war which was to set France and Russia and Germany, Italy, Rumania, and America in arms, while England, too, was to fling her steely might into the great conflict which started in those summer days of 1914.

The First Blood.

A ROOM was decorated at Pauli's home, and the table was laden with good things. Pauli was there in a pretty frock, and the old professor was wearing his best suit.

It was the afternoon of the party when Pauli and Carl were to become officially engaged. Carl's father came—a big, bearded man who was as cunning as any in Vienna in matters of business.

There was Fritz Winkelmann, too, due to be called with Carl some time soon, now that Austrian gunners were hammering in Serbian territory, shattering the roofs and ploughing up the streets of old Belgrade, the capital of the enemy country.

Through the open window came the hum of the excited city, the roll of drums and the stamp of marching feet as more and more soldiers poured southwards to meet the enemy.

Germany had come into it and had declared war on Russia, allying herself with Carl's country. England had already declared war on Germany, who was at hostilities with France; but, as yet, England and Austria were not at enmity.

February 15th, 1930.

On the wall hung a photograph which Bruce had long ago given to Pauli. Two or three days before Carl had draped a little Union Jack around the frame, and the flag formed a splash of colour.

The door slammed open and Bruce entered, bringing presents for the two. "The street's packed outside!" he called. "Some of the Guards have just gone off; they're bound for Russia, to fight there! The people are wild with excitement."

"I'm expecting to be called up any day now!" Winkelmann exclaimed. He was a thick-set fellow with pale blue eyes and a stiff back of a student who had already put in his peace-time military service. "My uniform's all ready!"

"So is mine. I was brushing it this morning!" Carl said, as he shook hands with Bruce. "And are you coming into our army, or are you going over to fight for England against Germany?"

"I don't know yet," Bruce told him. "I suppose I shall have to go home."

"We are Germany's allies," Winkelmann said. "What will happen if England declares war against us?"

"Oh, rot! That'll never happen!" Bruce told him.

"If it did, we'd be enemies!" Carl exclaimed, and he wrung Bruce's hand again as he laughed. "Enemies! Ha, ha, ha!"

Bruce threw back his head and laughed, too.

"That'd be a good joke!" he half yelled, as he clapped his friend on the back. "Well, it'd take more than a war to make us bad friends, Carl!"

"Don't let's talk about war!" Pauli broke in. "It makes me feel all cold! Sit down everybody, and let's have a good time!"

For a little while the party was going forward. Pauli's new engagement-ring flashed as the sunshine caught the glimmer of the diamonds set in it. Bruce took her hand and looked at it, but he wasn't jealous of Carl's good fortune.

He himself loved Pauli just as much as ever, but he was a sportsman and a good loser. Presently he lifted his glass and stood up.

"I can't make a speech," he said, "but I just want to wish Pauli and Carl all the happiness there is in the world. Carl's always been my friend. Once when we were skating in the Stadt Park and the ice broke I'd have been drowned if he hadn't hauled me out."

"And who got me clear of the university fire?" Carl broke in. "Eh? Who climbed up the rainwater pipe and found me unconscious from the smoke and got me out, and was three weeks in hospital because of his burns?"

"That was Bruce!" Pauli cut in. "You two have saved one another's lives!"

"That doesn't matter, anyway!" Bruce said. "Well, the best of luck to both of you!"

He raised his glass just as there came a furious burst of cheering in a nearby square. They heard people shouting as they ran along the street below. Somewhere a band struck up the National Anthem, and it sounded as though ten thousand fervent voices raised with the song.

"More excitement," Bruce said, as he sat down. "I suppose it's much the same at home, if we're getting ready to fight Germany."

"I heard that your British troops had already been in action," Winkelmann said across the table. "And a man told

me this morning that war will be declared between our two countries—not that it'll make any difference to us here!"

"We'll never be enemies!" Carl laughed at Bruce. "It——"

He checked as the telephone bell stummed suddenly. Winkelmann was nearest, and he rose to answer it. They heard him saying:

"Hallo! No, this is Winkelmann. Yes; d'you want to speak to him? I can give—— What?"

They saw his expression change suddenly as he listened to the words that came over the wire; then he hung up the receiver and turned to face them.

"The news has just come through," he said. "That's what all the cheering outside is about. *England has declared war on us!*"

"What?"

Bruce jerked from his seat. Every eye in the room was on him now, and he suddenly realised something which had never occurred to him before. He was the only Englishman in the house—all the rest were Austrians.

"I knew it would come!" Winkelmann said, and Carl's father spoke.

"England has always been jealous of our commerce," he said. "She'd play any dirty trick to make herself more powerful!"

"You're wrong there!" Bruce leaned across the table. "We've been forced into this. Germany invaded Belgium, and we had to defend that little country. If you people are Germany's allies, then we——"

"England didn't have to interfere!" Carl leaned across Pauli as he spoke to Bruce. "England's out to get more power!"

"We've got all the power we want; we're only defending the weak and helpless!" Bruce spun to him, and they glared at one another across the girl. "You're all wrong with Germany; she's jealous of us and our trade; that's at the bottom of the war!"

"And now you're declaring war suddenly on us for no reason at all!" Carl ripped. "You——"

"Don't—don't!" Pauli pressed them away from one another as she rose to her feet. "What's it got to do with us, anyhow? We're all friends here!"

"We may be. But there's an enemy flag in this house!"

Winkelmann lifted a quivering finger and pointed to the Union Jack which draped Bruce's photograph. Carl thrust his chair back as he saw it, then strode towards the wall. Instantly Bruce barred his path.

"What are you going to do?"

"Tear that down!" Carl answered, and his eyes were glaring.

"That's my country's flag, and you'll leave it alone!"

"It's an enemy flag, and it's coming down!" Carl rasped, and he leaped for it as he spoke.

He snatched it from the frame, gripping the fabric in his hands and starting to tear it to shreds. For a moment Bruce stared at him.

An Austrian was tearing the Union Jack before his eyes! The flag for which his forefathers had fought, the flag on which the sun never set, the flag which stood for freedom. His country's flag!

He jumped at Carl, snatching it from him, for Carl's fist to swing madly and land high on Bruce's cheek. Bruce's own right swung, and an instant later Carl was staggering backwards, to crash against the table.

"I won't stand that!" he half snarled. "No cursed Englishman can hit me!"

His clutching fingers wrapped about the hilt of a knife, and it shone in a steely arc as he raised it and rushed again.

Pauli half screamed, while Bruce leaped to meet his opponent, vainly trying to block the slashing blade. Something that felt like the scar of red-hot iron jagged across his wrist, and he reeled away, then stood close against the wall, still gripping the flag, while blood from the wound in his wrist soaked down to its folds.

Carl had stopped dead, with the now-stained knife still half raised.

He and all the others were staring as though petrified at the blood trickling down Bruce's fingers and dripping to the floor.

All the colour had gone from Bruce's face now. He looked at his wound—and at the first blood shed after the declaration of war!

He straightened up, and stared around the room.

One Englishman, with his own flag soaking his spilt blood, facing a group of Austrians—a group of enemies!

His voice came, shaking:
"And five minutes ago we were all friends!"

The World at War.

PAULI bound up Bruce's wound, while the others stood around, silent. Outside the excited crowd was singing, cheering, and roaring their defiance to England.

The hard, cruel spirit of war itself seemed to have entered the room, where the decorations on the walls, the feast on the table, and Pauli's pretty dress were in strong, ruthless contrast to the little pool of blood on the carpet and the bandage about Bruce's wrist.

The knife lay where Carl had now dropped it, its bright steel tarnished.

"You can get out of this house as soon as you like!" Carl said, when Pauli stepped away.

"No, no! There's no need for that!" Pauli gasped.

"What has come over you two?" the old professor's voice broke in.

"Until that telephone message came, you were friends—like brothers. Now one of you has tried to kill the other—all because of a little bit of tinted cloth over a photograph."

"It's my country's flag, sir!" Bruce told him.

"And it's the flag of my country's enemy!" Carl cut in.

"And so you two—friends—must spill blood!" said the professor. "You young fools, what does—"

He broke off. Out in the street below came a deep, growling sound, made up of cheers and curses and maledictions. It was a wild, deep-throated roar which surged closer and closer, and took Pauli to the window. She looked out.

"There's a crowd downstairs, following

some soldiers. They've got prisoners! They're coming here!" Pauli cried.

"They've stopped outside, and two are coming in! They're after you, Bruce!" Bruce leaped from the window and snatched up a chair.

"Then I'll fight before they take me!" he shouted. "If I'm your enemy, Carl, start in now! Come on—all of you! I'll show you how an Englishman can scrap!"

"Don't be a fool!" Carl gasped.

"We'll get you away. You can escape and get back to your own country. I'll do that much for you because you were my friend. Out through the back window and down on to the shed roof—you can jump it!"

"Yes, Bruce—go!" Pauli swung to him. "Don't let them make you a prisoner—and don't fight! Oh, you're mad, all of you! Get away—they're coming up the stairs!"

Carl wrenched open the door of the other room. Winkelman ran through it and slammed open the window through which Bruce could escape.

The young Englishman hesitated for a moment, then dropped the chair and started forward. Old Professor Arndt gripped his hand as he passed.

"Heaven keep you, my boy!" he said, and a moment later Bruce was checking where Carl stood by the door.

Bruce offered his hand. Carl drew himself up, his back stiff.

"I can't shake hands with—an enemy," he said.

"Then I'll come back, after the war," Bruce said.

"We'll all be the same again then," Pauli called after him. "Good-bye, Bruce—good-bye!"

Bruce waved to her and plunged across the room, while the tramp of the mounting soldiers sounded loud on the stairs outside. As he climbed

through the window, Winkelman snarled:

"If I meet you on the battlefield, I'll give you no quarter!"

"And I shan't ask it!" Bruce laughed at him. "Good luck to you! And Carl—good luck, old man!"

"Good-bye—enemy!" came Carl's voice, and with that Bruce jumped from the window to the shed roof ten feet below. He landed safely, then scrambled off it to the little yard beyond.

There was a door in the surrounding wall, and he snatched it open, to plunge into an alley. He turned away from the crowd in the street and hurried. In a little while he was mingling with the mob in the broad boulevard of the Franz-enring.

There was nothing in his dress to mark him as an Englishman, and he spoke the language well. Wild-eyed crowds were parading. He saw moving groups of soldiers surrounded by great cheering masses of people, and still more crowds were about the huge bulletin boards which now told of successes of Austrian armies on Serbian soil.

Bruce dared not go back to his rooms. Everything there he must abandon. But he had money with him, and he decided to travel south, cross the Italian border somehow, and then make his way to England.

He saw more soldiers rounding up Englishmen in the city, and when he cautiously approached a railway station he found troops on duty there, examining the papers of all who passed through the barrier.

Bruce saw that he would be unable to get aboard a train in Vienna, so he started, then and there, to tramp southward. In an hour he was clear of the city, and in a small shop he bought



Bruce leaped to meet his opponent, vainly trying to block the slashing blade.

February 15th, 1930.

bread and sausage and a raincoat, as well as a hat.

Lorries passed him, loaded with troops. Giant guns ground their way towards the frontier, and some gunners gave him a lift on a limber which followed one titanic howitzer.

They were full of how Austria and Germany would smash England between them. They themselves were bound for the raging battles in Serbia, and were full of triumph at the victories the Austrians had already gained.

They told Bruce, too, of how some Englishmen rounded up in Vienna that afternoon had been mobbed by the crowds, dragged to the Danube Canal and slung in, so that most of them were drowned. None of them suspected that they were even then talking to one of the hated British!

When the gunners camped at darkness, Bruce walked on all through the night until dawn, when he hid up in a wood and slept. He skirted the towns to which he came, travelling only by night. Everywhere people were searching for Englishmen, Frenchmen, Serbians or Russians, with all of whom Austria and Germany were at war. Such as the people found were lucky if the military ever took them over; more likely were they to be stoned until they died, or to suffer the fate of the unfortunate bunch of Britishers in Vienna—of whom, Bruce knew, he might well have been one.

He was fourteen days before he reached the Italian frontier—to find it a mass of trenches, where men stood on guard, and where barbed wire had been slung in great festoons, because the Austrians feared that Italy might come into the war, allying herself with Britain. She did later on.

Bruce lay a whole day, hidden in bushes, watching the movements of a group of Austrian sentries before him. At night, he crept forward at a point between two sentries, passed them, squirmed through the thicket of barbed wire, and an hour later he was in Italian territory, telling his story to an Italian officer who immediately gave him food, then sent him south on his journey to England.

It was on the day that Bruce reached safety that Pauli and Carl were married in Vienna. Carl had no best man; Bruce had gone—an enemy—and Winkelman had been called up.

As Pauli and Carl came arm-in-arm from the church a regiment passed, on its way to force home Austria's invasion of Russia in the north. The troops went swinging by, rifles gleaming, boots spurring the cobbles.

But the cheers were not so hearty now. Weeping women moved in sombre groups beside their men. Casualty lists had come through; many and many a brave Viennese had fallen in the fighting. Many and many a man who now marched past would not come back.

Pauli and Carl clung to one another as they looked at the grim, grey-clad figures of the passing soldiers.

"Carl, shall you have to go?" Pauli breathed as she looked up at him.

"Not yet. They won't call me up for a long while!" Carl said. "The war won't last long enough for them to want me."

But that night, late, a soldier thumped on the door of the little flat they had taken. His fist crashed on the panels, and when Carl opened it, the man jerked to attention and saluted.

"Mobilisation order for Lieutenant Carl Behrend, sir!" the man said. "It orders you to report at dawn at headquarters." February 15th, 1930.

quarters to-morrow, with full equipment, ready to move off at midnight!"

Carl took the order and closed the door.

It was a long, blue-tinted envelope, and it would tear him away from the girl he loved. He looked at the clock. It marked the hour of ten-thirty.

In seven hours he must go to the war.

In the Firing Line.

CARL'S division was attached to the German Army, to fight with them against the British. In return, a German division was sent in exchange to fight shoulder to shoulder with the Austrians against their common enemies. This was just a gesture to show how both Germany and Austria were together in the war.

While Carl, commanding a company, marched from Vienna, Bruce was racing from Italy across France and back to England, eager to get into uniform.

On his way, he had seen British wounded from the Battle of Mons. He had seen all Austria and France inflamed by war, and he realised how titanic the conflict would be. As he rode across France, he saw refugees coming in from the battle front, he heard the distant thundering of guns—a sound that was with him until he crossed the Channel.

Bruce arrived in London on the night that news came through that British troops and their French allies had driven the Germans back across the Marne, scoring a great victory.

He heard the cheering and saw the crowds that saw the battalions of Guards marching to Waterloo to entrain for France, with bands playing and thousands lining the streets—just as they had done in Vienna.

The taxicab that took him home was held up suddenly by a titanic mass of people which abruptly swarmed, struggling and shouting, across the road, chasing some fugitive who rushed away like a wild animal.

"That's a German baker!" an excited man yelled to Bruce when he asked what was the trouble. "If they catch him they'll lynch him!" And the crowd surged on.

"That's the way they were chasing Englishmen in Vienna," Bruce thought, and he could not help feeling sympathy with the pursued man.

It was odd to think of both nations doing exactly the same thing. It was still more odd to think of his friend Carl in uniform fighting against England and her allies—but a month later Bruce himself was in uniform, a lieutenant, training for the front.

The training was long and hard, and it was a year before his battalion was sent to France, and rather more than another year before Fate decreed that Bruce's battalion should enter the line in a sector just south of Arras.

It was near Christmas. Snow clung to the thistle patches of barbed wire that marred the shell-torn stretch of No-Man's-Land. When Bruce had seen his company into position and had posted his sentries, he mounted the fire-step and looked towards the enemy lines.

He was leaner, harder and altogether tougher now. A heavy Army revolver was holstered at his belt, and his uniform was mudstained and torn. For two years the ground in front of him had been fought over, and at any moment the zone was liable to flare up into another fierce battle.

He saw the British wire ahead, a tangle of barbed strands wrapped about leaning stakes. Beyond this was the

ploughed-up earth, patched with snow, then the enemy wire, from the other side of which Very lights shot up occasionally, shedding a green-white glow which came down in ghastly fashion as it illuminated the scene around.

Still further off, Bruce could see the bluish flicker of German guns against the sky. Shells droned overhead. Now and again a rifle cracked, or the silence would be shattered by the quick, vicious stammer of a machine-gun.

Boots thudded and grated on the frost-bitten floor of the trench, and a voice called quietly:

"The colonel wants to see you, sir, in headquarters' dug-out!"

"Very good!" Bruce dropped from the fire-step and made his way along the trench. In little funk-holes men crouched over small coke-filled braziers or slept in niches hacked from the walls. The glow of Very lights caught the sheen of bayoneted rifles, the dull, rounded shapes of steel helmets and the slender, compact masses of masked machine-guns.

Bruce picked his way down a communication trench to the support line and found the dug-out he sought. Orderlies jerked to attention when he entered it and passed through to the battalion headquarters beyond.

The colonel was sitting at a rough table, papers and two trench maps before him, while the adjutant leaned over his shoulder.

"Ah, Lieutenant Gordon, I've a job for you!" the colonel said, as Bruce saluted. "I want you to make a raid to-night."

"A raid, sir?" repeated Bruce, and his lips kicked a little in his chest.

"I want you to take half a dozen bombers, go over, bring back a couple of prisoners for identification—and start within the hour!"

"Yes, sir," answered Bruce, and the colonel eyed him levelly from under his shaggy grey brows.

"The unit which held these trenches before us," the colonel explained, "took a prisoner who said that his regiment was to be relieved by battalions from some crack Austrian division. We've heard about some Austrian troops being in this part of the front, and I want, if possible, to find out just who they are. As you were in Vienna before the war you'll know something about them, and you'll be able to question the prisoners when you bring them in. If you can't get live prisoners over, get their papers and identification badges. Is that all clear?"

"Quite clear, sir," said Bruce steadily. "I take six bombers over with me and make the raid immediately."

"That's right. Best o' luck!" called the colonel, and acknowledged Bruce's salute mechanically.

Bruce returned to the fire trench, and now he viewed No-Man's-Land with different eyes. It was going to be a hard job to get himself and six men across that snow-scattered waste without being seen by the enemy.

And if he were seen it would be bullets from the rifles of Austrians which would come at him. The people in whose university he had studied, and amongst whom he had had so many friends. Standing there, he wondered what had happened to Carl, and how Pauli was getting on.

For all he knew, Carl might now be lying in a soldier's grave.

He went down the trench, asking for volunteers for the raid. He collected his half-dozen men swiftly enough, and they grouped with him in a short sap

which ran out from the trench towards their own wire.

"Look here," Bruce told them. "This is going to be risky. We shan't get any artillery support at all, although machine-guns and rifles from the trench here will cover us as we come back.

"We'll crawl over, and be careful that you don't get on to the snow, because it'll show you up to their sentries. When we are through their wire we'll creep close to their parapet, and I'll give the word to rush.

"You two, and you two"—he indicated four men—"go to each side of the enemy fire-bay and chuck bombs over the traverse to prevent any of them getting at us. You other two grab a prisoner each—more if you can manage it. I'll stay on top of the parapet ready to lend a hand if anything goes wrong and to direct operations generally. Now, does everybody know what he's got to do?"

The men nodded. Because they were volunteers they were about the most courageous in Bruce's company. Each man carried a dozen bombs, in addition to trench knob-kerries and revolvers.

"Right-o, then we may as well start!" Bruce grunted, and led the way out of the sap.

No Man's Land.

BRUCE crawled forward, his men close at his heels. The frost-rimmed wire reared before him, traced against the gun-lit sky. He reached it and went through by a narrow lane which had been specially cut to allow British patrols and listening parties to go out.

At the far side was a stretch of earth, all shell-ripped and shapeless. Broken rifles, steel helmets, torn gasmasks—all kinds of battle litter cluttered it. Amongst this were stretched the scattered figures of men who had died in the fighting; it was too dangerous to try and bring them in.

The ground was hard and icy cold. Here and there patches of grass showed grey where the frost had settled. In and out of shell-holes Bruce led the way. Now and again a shell would burst on the trenches ahead or well back on the enemy support area, breaking with a sudden spurt of lurid flame, then dying in an eruption of flying earth.

Bruce remembered, as he crawled, that it was near to Christmas. He remembered his last Christmas with Carl and Pauli in Vienna—and now he was going out to kill or make prisoner men who might even know his own haunts in Austria's capital.

A Very light quivered up into the sky, limning everything with its stark glare and shining on a coal-scuttle helmet silhouetted against the enemy barbed-wire entanglements ahead!

"Listening-post in front—go steady!" Bruce passed the word back, then whispered: "Two men come up level with me, ready to rush!"

Two of his group came at either side of him, and they went on. Now they travelled forward more and more slowly. Bruce knew that he had to knock out the enemy patrol ahead before he could get through to the trench beyond.

Nearer he crawled. Then the foot of a man behind him slipped where ice had formed in the bottom of a shallow shell-hole, making a scraping sound.

From where he had seen the helmet Bruce heard a guttural exclamation, and three helmets lifted from the ground. He glimpsed the shrouded faces of a trio, their rifles levelling.

"Rush!" Bruce gasped, and leaped with the words.

A rifle spanged almost in his face. He saw one of the three leap to his feet and start to run back. Then the two bombers were on the men, their knob-kerries smashing purposefully, dropping them.

Bruce raised his revolver, sighted on the third of the group and fired it the moment that the man would have shot. The fellow jerked, his knees bent, then he slammed down to the shell-hole in which he had been sheltering, while a Very light curved up into the air, as the men in the trench behind stared to see what had caused the shots.

"Down!" Bruce called the order.

The bombers with him flattened on the ground about the hole and the three still forms now stretched inside it. From the enemy trench a rifle spanged,

then two machine-guns stammered wickedly as the gunners traversed No-Man's-Land.

The bullets clipped through the wire, showering caked snow. They plugged the frozen ground or skimmed off it and ricocheted away on the air. More Very lights went up. British weapons started in reply to the Germans. Rifle-grenades screeched on the air and plugged down.

Trench-mortar batteries thudded, hurling massive shells. A field-gun battery got into action, and for half an hour steel screeched across No-Man's-Land in a solid hail, while Bruce and the others clung to the ground and waited for the midnight battle to die down.

The firing eased off at last, and Bruce made an examination of the three dead men. A glance showed him that they were Austrians, not Germans.

"It's all right, we shan't have to raid the trench," he said. "Get all the papers off them, as well as their shoulder straps. Keep your heads now, and work quietly!"

Five minutes later they were crawling back, pursued by occasional bullets. Within half an hour Bruce was down in the headquarters' dug-out, making his report.

"Very good work!" the colonel commented. "No casualties, eh, except to the three Austrians? Where are the papers?"

"Here, sir."

Bruce set the little bundle down on the table and the colonel looked through them, then picked up a pay-book which



He sat there, his whole body trembling, his eyes vacant and his lips quivering. "Shell-shock!" Mr. Behrend gasped.

Bruce himself had taken from one of the men.

"Look at this, Gordon! What unit did these men belong to?"

Bruce took the little book and examined the writing on the first page. "Fourteenth Infantry Regiment—Second Vienna Division!" he gasped. "That's Carl's regiment!"

Carl sat in the front line trench, with his coat-collar turned up close about his ears, beating his hands to try and keep them warm. Near him sat Jan, who had come with him from Vienna, and who now acted as his servant.

Jan was a big fellow, above six feet in height, and strong as a lion, but now pinched with cold.

"A pretty fine Christmas this, sir," he growled.

"It's Christmas Eve to-night." And Carl smiled a little. "Thank goodness the line's quiet. The English don't want to fight any more than we do just now, from the looks of it."

"It's been all quiet since they mopped up that listening party in front of us three or four nights back," Jan replied. He added suddenly: "Haven't got any—any grub to spare, have you, sir?"

"Not so much as a biscuit," Carl answered. "There's plenty of cigarettes. I'm sick of smoking."

"Cigarettes won't fill a hungry man," Jan answered. "They say the English have got plenty of grub. Why can't we make a raid and get some? I'll volunteer for it!"

"If it wasn't Christmas Eve I'd lead a raid myself," Carl told him. "But that would mean killing—and we can't kill on a day like this."

"I could kill some of those English if I thought I'd got food for doing it!" Jan snarled. "I'm sick of short rations."

"So am I," Carl said slowly. "The English are well off. They always have been, but—" He stood up and looked over the top of the trench towards the British lines.

Hardly a gun was firing anywhere. No lights showed. There was nothing to see except barbed wire, frost and patches of snow, and the faint glow of trench braziers in the British lines.

But Carl could catch the voices of the English ringing on the frosty air, an occasional shout, and then the lilt of some chorus as the Tommies sang a lively tune:

*"Take me back to dear old Blighty,
Put me on the train for London
Town!"*

*Take me over there, drop me anywhere,
Birmingham, Leeds or Manchester—
I don't care!"*

*Oh, I should like to see my best
girl—"*

It didn't sound to Carl as though the English were particularly anxious to do any fighting on this Christmas Eve. They seemed to be having a pretty good time, while he and the others went hungry in their freezing trenches. "They've got food—we've got plenty of cigarettes," he murmured. "I wonder if—". An idea came to him, and he stood thinking it over, listening to the distant sounds.

Presently he picked up a length of board from the trench, then snatched at a piece of chalk which a man had used to scrawl the name of a dug-out. Carl knew English; Bruce had taught him. On the board he wrote: "Have you any food to spare?"

"Give me a bayonet, somebody!" he called, and snatched the weapon as a man held it up, then drove the tip into February 15th, 1930.

the edge of the board and mounted the first step again.

He held the board high above the trench parapet, switched on his flashlight, and directed the beam so that it lit up the lettering.

Instantly there came the crack of a watchful sentry's rifle, and a bullet whanged through the board. More bullets followed, but Carl still held the board high.

The fusillade stopped. He sensed that the British were now reading what he had written. He held the board up half a minute longer, and then lowered it.

He stared across No Man's Land, and presently he sighted the white beam of a torch on their side, shining on a length of wood on which someone had written: "Yes, if you've got cigarettes!"

"See that?" Carl gasped to the men around him. "They say they'll give us food for cigarettes. Give me a couple of packets, somebody, and I'll go over."

"Let me go, sir—they're a treacherous lot!" Jan growled, but Carl caught the cigarettes a man held out to him, and a moment later he was over the parapet.

Boldly he stood upright and looked ahead. No bullets came at him, and he saw an Englishman rise from the opposite trench.

Slowly Carl went through the barbed wire out into the waste of No Man's Land to meet the figure which was coming towards him. Five yards from it he stopped.

"You have food?" he asked in English.

"Yes," came the answer from the other figure, its face concealed by the darkness. The man held out a package, and Carl stepped nearer. "You have an officer—Carl Bohrend," the voice went on. "Is he with you?"

"I'm— It's Bruce!" Carl gasped. "Carl!" Bruce jumped at him. "I chanced coming out because I could speak your language. How are you? How's Pauli?"

"I don't know. I've not seen her. Things are terrible at home—no food—no money!" Carl gasped. "It's—". He broke off as he saw more British coming from their trench. He turned, and then saw that Jan was leading his own men out, bringing more cigarettes.

"They're fraternising—it's all right," Bruce exclaimed. "We shan't shoot if you don't. You haven't been wounded, Carl."

"No, I'm fit enough—but I've fied up with the war," Carl answered. "I didn't know you were in front of us!"

"I know your unit was here," Bruce said. "I raided one of your listening posts the other night."

"That was you, then?" Carl gasped. He peered into Bruce's face and went on: "It's the same old Bruce! It's good to see you again!"

"And to see you!" Bruce caught his hand and wrung it. "And you don't know if Pauli's all right?"

"No, I got an hour's leave in Vienna, but I couldn't trace her," Carl answered. "I found my father, but that was all. He's doing all right—fit and well."

They talked in the middle of No Man's Land, these two old friends who wore the uniforms of their warring countries while all around them British Tommies, imbued with the spirit of Christmastide, swapped food for cigarettes and souvenirs.

And then there came a scurrying rush on the air with the fierce whine of a

shell. It burst in the heart of the waste ground, scattering its drowning fragments, felling men and filling the air with smoke.

Another shell came, and another. Some artillery observer had seen movements in No Man's Land, and he was calling on his batteries to fire. More gunners joined in; British and German and the Austrian guns attached to Carl's division.

The confusion broke and scattered, running back to their trenches. Carl parted from Bruce and scurried back the way he had come, Jan at his side.

It was as they ran that there came a mad blast of sound on the air, and a shell burst near them. Carl saw its red heart, saw torn earth flying, heard the colossal crash of it—and then felt as though he were hit a million times at once.

He fell backwards, his sight misted and his head spinning, his whole body numbed from the shock of awful wounds. Through the glare of other shells bursting near he saw Jan, the big man was staggering and reeling blindly, pawing the air until another shell-burst hid him from sight.

Lights flashed across Carl's eyes. He tried to get up, but he could not move. Blackness swamped across his brain, and he felt that he was dying. He tried to call out, but no sound would come.

He forced away the mistiness that cloaked his vision, but it swirled back again, and through it all he thought he heard Bruce calling his name.

A moment after the face of his old friend seemed to float before his eyes.

Carl tried to smile, then sunk to oblivion.

Shell-Shock.

IN a little garret, with windows broken and bare furnishings, Pauli sat, sewing alone. There was no fire in the grate; it was a month after Christmas, and she tried to tell herself that warm spring was near, and that she did not feel cold.

The door opened, and her father came in. Professor Arndt was gaunt and thin, and he had sold his overcoat to buy an egg, which he carried wrapped in a paper packing. He carried it more gently and more carefully than he would have done a king's crown.

"An egg, Pauli!" he called. "Now we'll have a feast, my girl! It's many a month since I had such luck!"

"Then you eat it, father," said Pauli.

"I'm—I'm not hungry."

"We'll share it," the professor said, and Pauli hurried to the stove, gathering up the sticks she had placed there in readiness to cook whatever food her father might bring home.

The professor had lost his job at the university. He did not believe in war. He thought it was all mad foolishness, and he said so. Others did not agree with him; they'd booted him out of the place.

He had sold all his books and his little treasures. He had moved from his house to this attic. Pauli had tried to get work, but she wasn't strong enough to be a washerwoman; she had been trained to do nothing in particular, and there were many like her in Vienna these days.

No letters had come from Carl. The authorities would not let the soldiers at the front write home now, because the German and Austria were losing the war, and they did not want the troops to know what hardships the folk at home were suffering.

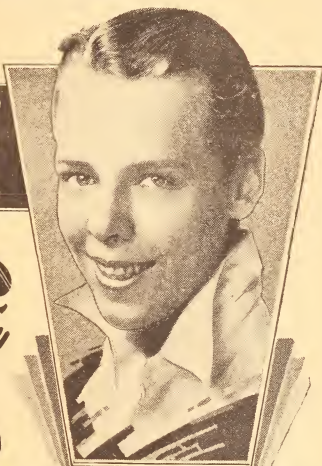
For that egg the professor had sold

(Continued on page 27.)

For the sake of a girl he went riding, though he was scared stiff of horses. An amazing comedy with an unexpected climax.

Arthur Lake

in "Horse
Folly"



In Love With a Picture.

ARTHUR BRYANT gazed cautiously round the big shop before drawing a newspaper cutting from his pocket. The cutting he spread out on the glass top of the counter.

"Ah, my divinity!" He sighed and gazed down at the picture of a girl in Red Cross uniform. A costume that Miss Marian Day had worn at a big fancy-dress ball. The outline also stated that the charming Society girl was the daughter of a wealthy financier.

The rough paper is never very complimentary to the best of features, but there was no doubt that this girl was pretty, because the paper could not conceal her good looks. Her hair was dark and shingled, but Arthur had fallen for the twinkle in the big eyes and the dimples in the cheeks.

If only he could meet her and she should fall in love with him!

Now Arthur was nineteen and that age where youth is susceptible to what some term "Calf Love." He was an assistant in the big jewellery store owned by Biggs and Higgins, but he had prospects because Biggs was his uncle.

Arthur was a likeable but a provoking youth. He had arrived at the awkward age of life. At college he was neither a success nor a failure. An average brain had always kept him somewhere near the middle of his form, but his mind had a way of wandering off on to other subjects to the detriment of his learning. In the middle of mathematics he would suddenly want to be playing baseball, and in the middle of baseball he would want to go swimming.

His small-town parents had sent him to Mr. Biggs to be trained to work for

a living. At moments he was a brilliant salesman and at other times his uncle nearly tore out his hair with despair. A dreamer, who had moments of great brilliance.

Yet everyone liked him because he had a happy smile, curly black hair, a slim and well-knit body, and a certain amount of charm and personality.

Arthur was quite unaware that the revolving door had revolved and that a lady in furs had walked to the counter that he was supposed to be looking after. She had coughed and had tapped the glass top, but Arthur was away in another world. The lady frowned angrily and placed a gloved hand on his wrist.

Absent-mindedly, he stroked the glove and murmured, "Dearest!"

"How dare you!"

The falsetto voice shattered his dreams.

"For—er—beg your pardon!" spluttered Arthur, blushing like a schoolboy. "I was reading about a big jewel robbery."

"I take that paper and I saw nothing about a jewel robbery on that page!" snapped the lady. "Will you please show me some ear-rings."

Why Arthur should first produce gentlemen's dress studs, and when rebuked bring out engagement-rings is beyond understanding. The lady's exasperation brought Mr. Biggs on the scene, and that gentleman was able to pour oil on troubled waters.

"Yes, madame. No, madame. A perfect pearl, madame." And so forth, and the lady eventually left, having spent far more than she intended. The result was that Mr. Biggs, though he frowned severely, was not half so displeased as he looked.

"One day you'll go into a trance, Arthur, and never wake up," he rebuked. "Now I have a most important

commission for you to undertake." He produced a small packet. "This necklace has been specially ordered over the telephone by a lady who wants the necklace to be a surprise for her daughter—the girl is eighteen to-morrow. She wants the necklace taken to her house immediately. You will take the necklace, and for the love of Mike don't lose it or yourself. The address is on the package, and you had better start at once. You have eight hours before dusk." Here Mr. Biggs chuckled. "Only eight miles to go, so you might be able to make it."

"Yes, uncle."

"Be off with you, my boy." The uncle patted him on the back. "And if you don't deliver that to-day, never darken my doors again. So if you're goofy about some gal, forget it."

"I wish I could, uncle," moaned his nephew. "I shall always carry her picture with me."

"You'll get a fat head if you don't look lively!" grunted his uncle. "And don't make any mistakes."

Trouble With a Hat.

ARTHUR BRYANT set out for the railway depot. He entered a full 'bus and went off into a trance thinking of the girl of his dreams.

The 'bus stopped, and nearly all the people got out, so that there were plenty of seats. Arthur still went on standing, until a titter and a remark from a small girl brought him back to earth.

"Has he been a naughty boy, mummy? Perhaps that's why he's standing."

Arthur frowned heavily and took a seat. Within three minutes he was dreaming again, and didn't wake up till the conductor tapped him on the shoulder.

"This is the end of the run, bo," he said.

February 15th, 1930.

chucked. "Unless you wanta go all the way back again. What's up? Your gal giving yer the chuck?"

"I have no girl," haughtily retorted Arthur, and stalked forth, realising that he had gone four streets too far. He was too dignified to return in the same 'bus, and so had to wait. Still, there were plenty of trains.

Another 'bus at last, and it would be crowded.

Somehow, he wedged his way inside and started trouble by treading on a fat lady's corns.

"Look where you're going!" complained the lady shrilly. "Ain't yer got eyes in yer head?"

"Yes, mum."

"Then why not use 'em."

This caused a general laugh, and the fat lady shook all her four chins.

In that crowd it was impossible to do much dreaming, but one could walk on people's feet and nudge neighbours in the ribs, especially as the driver was a run-and-brake merchant. In other words, the driver tore along whenever he saw a clear space, and directly a block appeared on went all the brakes. Those standing swayed backwards and forwards like a storm at sea.

Arthur butted the man next him so violently that the latter's straw hat fell on the floor.

"So sorry!" murmured Arthur, and in stooping to pick it up off came his own.

The hats were restored at last, but the man who had been butted had evidently had a row with his wife or got out of the wrong side of bed that morning, because he kept on glaring at poor Arthur.

Then Arthur got a seat at last, and looked out carefully for the depot. At last the depot and Arthur struggled to his feet.

"No, you must not give up your seat. I insist," a pretty girl said severely to him.

"But I—!" began Arthur, when the bus jerked forward and he sat down heavily again.

Arthur made another attempt to get up at the next stop.

"I am quite capable of standing!" The girl was angry. "A girl is the equal of a man any day, and what a man can do we can do! Please keep your seat—I insist!"

"You can insist as much as you like"—Arthur was really angry—"but I'm getting out here."

And the girl gave him a look that would have frozen the North Pole as hard as granite.

Arthur felt better after that—he had scored that time. He marched off to the depot, and, of course, there was a queue waiting for their tickets. The youngest went into another train as he slowly filed forward. He reached the sill, still in a dream.

What was all that banging about? He looked vaguely around to see a sea of angry faces.

"Brought yer camp stool with yer!" snarled a labourer.

"You kids oughta go to bed earlier!" said another.

"Where's his nurse?" was the worst out of all.

Eventually Arthur bought a ticket, rammed it into the band of his straw hat, and was so anxious to get away that he ran right into a man—he of the other straw hat.

"Ugh!" grunted the little man, and staggered back. Both straw hats went flying.

"Sorry! Sorry!"

"You confounded young chump!"

February 15th, 1930.

shouted the other excitedly. "Why don't you have your eyes tested?"

Arthur was so confused that he didn't realise he had picked up the wrong hat, whilst the little man was so annoyed that he didn't realise Arthur's hat was nearly over his eyes.

Hence a gust of wind played a fine old game. The hat on Arthur's head was like a pumple and easily whisked off, whilst the wind got under the larger hat and lifted it off the small dome like a new form of kite.

Worse was to follow, because when Arthur chased after his hat that seemed bewitched it did not stop till it came to rest under the front legs of a respectable cart-horse, who was feeling in a hungry mood that day. To the boy's horror, the big teeth closed on the brim and proceeded to get busy on the straw.

No sign of the man in charge, and even when Arthur held out an uncertain hand the horse showed its teeth.

"Here—hi—steady!" cried the lad.

"Chuck it, old chap!"

But the horse calmly went on munching till all one side was gone.

Hallo, son, what's the trouble?" growled a voice, and the carter appeared. "Oh, ho, so old Ned's having a meal!"

The horse gave up the hat quite meekly.

"He's eaten my ticket!" shouted Arthur. "And I don't believe there's another train for an hour." He was feeling feverishly in his pockets to see how much money he possessed when another person arrived on the scene.

"Gimme my hat!" was the infuriated cry. "You knock off my hat and then have the impertinence to take the wrong one!" He grabbed the offending headgear and shoved it on his head without noticing the damage. His anger was so great that probably he was blinded.

"Fool! Dolt! Idiot!" he screeched, and flung Arthur's hat on the ground. "I've a good mind to stamp on it!"

"Here, you be off!" growled the carter, and the man departed muttering dire threats.

With a glad cry Arthur pounced on his hat, and there in the ribbon was the ticket.

"Thanks, old sport!" he cried. "You've saved my life. Can't stop to inquire after the wife and kids, 'cos I gotta catch that train. Cheerio! Drop me a postcard any day."

"Loco!" muttered the carter, pushing his greasy cap on one side and scratching his thick hair, whilst he stared after the running Arthur. "I wouldn't wonder what them two ain't escaped from somewhere. Corks. He'll break his blinking neck!"

The train was on the move and was gathering speed. A guard and about four porters yelled "Stand away!" but Arthur charged after the last car. A final spurt and his outflung hand gripped the rail, and with a mighty heave he dragged himself on to the step. He nearly fell off when his hat tried to do a disappearing act. The carter's heart went to his mouth as Arthur released his hands to jam on his straw hat, before desperately clinging again to the rail. Then the boy ran up the steps and gaily waved.

"Clean off his onion," muttered the carter, then looked all round. "Perhaps he was a film star—don't see no camera. No, he must be loco, as I thought first."

Trouble in a Train.

HAVING caught the train by the skin of his teeth, Arthur sought a seat, but found that the coaches were all very full. The carriage was a saloon with double seats and a gangway

between. A fat lady had a seat to herself, but she was so monstrous that after vainly endeavouring to place some portion of his anatomy upon the cushion he gave it up and went elsewhere.

In the very end coach Arthur saw two spare seats—on opposite sides of the corridor, but level. On one of the double seats sat a man, and on the other a girl. Being of a nervous disposition, Arthur chose to sit next to the man.

Arthur settled himself down, but dreams were not possible. How can a chap dream when there is a peculiar odour in the air? He glanced at his companion, then became aware that the girl had a handkerchief to her nose. Another look at his companion noticed a movement of the jaws. The latter becoming aware of Arthur's gaze turned his head, and the boy nearly swooned.

"Ze garlic, spearmint—verra good," said the Italian, with a broad smile. "I inventa cet myself—you takka zee piece."

"So, thanks. I don't," gasped Arthur.

"Phew. gimme air!"

Whereupon Arthur leaned forward and pressed a knob which was supposed to open the window about two inches. Unfortunately he pressed the bottom knob instead of the top, and the window opened quite a foot.

A torrent of air swept into the car. Can you imagine a liner with a gaping hole in her side and the seas sweeping in? Well, that was very like what happened when Arthur opened that window. People reading newspapers either had them snatched out of their hands or else were buried in their folds. Papers, handbags, hats, and other debris reposing on the tables were whisked off like straw. Glasses and cups were spilled, and among the shrieks and screams of the women could be heard a few comments by the males.

"Shut that blankety, blank window!"

"Chuck him out of the car!" "My hat's ruined!" Where's my ice-cream cone?" "This last of the passengers to boiling pitch. They stood up as best they could and all shouted and hooted and screamed at Arthur, who got thoroughly panicky and pressed another button, whereupon by some freak the window opened a further foot.

"Corza de vind!" shouted the Italian. "You bigga de fool!" He managed to find the right knob, and the window shut with a clang.

Arthur sank limply in his seat and tried to imagine that all the rude things that were being said were not about him at all. He tried to dream again, and became aware that there was something in his eye—grit that must have got in when the window was open. He became aware that the person on the seat next to him was eyeing him with amusement. What a surprise Arthur got when he found she was the girl of his dreams—and he could have sat next to her! Instead of which he was next to an evil-smelling Italian.

As Arthur stared at her, hardly crediting his senses, the grain of dust got busy on the nerve cells and his left eyelid flickered once, and as the girl's own eyes opened wide with indignation, so did Arthur wink again and again. He knew he was winking and couldn't stop it.

Marian Day gave him a look that would have killed, and busied herself with a book, but it was not so easy to read. Her curiosity was aroused, and he was such a nice-looking lad; she ventured a quick peep. Arthur, the picture of misery, was dabbing at his left eye. He removed the handkerchief, and noticing that peep decided upon a bold move.

He pointed to his eye, shook his head, winked twice, and then rubbed it vigorously. Marian understood at once that something was in his eye. She forgave him with the faintest twitch of the lips, and then returned to her book.

How can one dream when one's dream is sitting within a few feet of you. Marian was even prettier than her picture, but Arthur quite realised that her chin was a very determined chin. How could he frame some excuse to talk to her. He blushed uncomfortably some minutes later when he heard a whispered: "Rubberneck" from some kind person behind, denoting that his ardent gaze at the girl had not been overlooked.

The girl must have heard, because she flashed a startled look at Arthur, who had rubbed his eye so much that it was quite bloodshot—the effect was heightened by a stream of tears that he couldn't check.

"You've got something in your eye," stated the girl, who was as kind as she was pretty. "Could I get it out for you?"

"Could she?" Why Arthur very nearly leaped from his seat to her side. Did the lady miss the boy's enthusiasm—not she! At once Marian got busy with a small handkerchief, and Arthur was quite sorry that she removed the cinder so efficiently and so swiftly.

"There, that's out!" she cried triumphantly, and expected him to return to his seat.

Arthur glanced at the Italian, who saved the day by producing a very dirty handkerchief, and inside some even worse sandwiches.

The boy looked at the girl, and she looked at the sandwiches—both their nostrils quivered—and Arthur, with love in his heart for the Italian, stayed where he was.

So far so good, but in these days you can't touch a strange young woman on the shoulder and start a conversation by saying: "Where are you going, my pretty maiden?" Or words to that effect. Probably she would clout you one round the ear or hand you over to the guard with a hint that probably a bootlegger had had some influence on your present condition.

Marian would have had no objection to becoming friendly with Arthur, but she had been brought up by very strict parents, who had taught her that it was not for the lady to make advances; besides, hadn't she done him a good turn already. And Arthur, fearing a rebuke, kept a still tongue, and thus wasted a golden opportunity.

But the opportunity was soon to arrive. The nigger attendant came along the car to see if anyone required refreshments; he evidently had waited on the girl before, because he grinned broadly and produced a bottle of ginger-beer.

"I'll open it," said the girl, and went back to her book till the end of the chapter. Having turned down the page, she picked up the bottle and the opener, and wondered why Arthur had not had the common sense to offer to

open the bottle. Arthur also wondered why he had been such a chump; he just sat and stared at her like one hypnotised.

Marian made one effort, but the patent top would not lever off, she made a second effort, and again had no luck.

"Could I do it for you?" "Thank you so much!" murmured the girl, and gave the bottle and lever to Arthur.

His first effort brought no result, and, grimly determined, Arthur stood up, but still the bottle wouldn't open. In his efforts he did not realise that the bottle of ginger pop was being shaken violently, also it was a very hot day. What, therefore, might be the result when that lid-top suddenly came off?

A sudden release of gassy substance at express speed. Squirt a syphon into someone's face, and you have a good idea. Unfortunately the bottle was pointed towards Marian when the lid came off, and the girl got a shower bath.

"O-o-o-o-oh!" A gasp and a shudder. "Oh, you careless wretch!"

Arthur made things worse by trying to put his finger over the escaping spray, with the result that the people behind had a shower bath, and, when he altered his finger, then the spray got those in front in the back of the neck.

The light of friendship in the girl's eyes had gone, because she was wearing a particularly smart two-piece dress and coat, which was, to her mind, ruined. It wasn't, but girls are strange creatures. She would arrive home for her birthday, looking stained and bedraggled, and the chick outfit would be wasted. Therefore, the dress and coat were ruined.

Arthur produced a large handkerchief

and dabbed at her rather helplessly, whereupon the girl pushed him away.

"You're the clumsiest idiot I've ever met!" she snapped unkindly. "You'll only make matters worse."

"I don't think it's done any harm," began Arthur.

"You ought to be put in a place where you can't do any harm," growled a damp passenger.

Annoyed that all his good work with the girl of his dreams had been shattered, Arthur turned upon the accuser. "A bath won't do you any harm!" he growled. "You look as if you need one."

Of course that insult meant a small scene. The man wanted to get abusive, and had to be held back by several others. All this while, Marian was repairing ravages to her complexion with a powder-puff.

The man broke free and aimed a wild blow at Arthur, who drew back his arm and then jerked back his arm in order to return the blow. His elbow caught the powder-box, and there was further catastrophe. A large shower of powder went all over Marian, so that it looked as if it had been snowing.

The passengers' wrath turned to laughter, and, except for Arthur and Marian, everyone doubled up with mirth. Marian jumped to her feet, said "Oh!" in a sort of strangled whisper, and then turned her back laughingly on the culprit.

The train slowing saved the situation, because Marian realised this was her home depot. She swept by Arthur like a small iceberg, without the least sign of being aware that such a person as Arthur Bryant ever existed.

Arthur stared after her dumbly, until he realised from the black porter's

"How dare you follow me!" Marian cried indignantly.



shout that this was his destination as well. He grabbed his hat, glared at the other passengers, and hurried down the corridor. He had better get his mission done and get back to business—this would go down as the worst day of his life.

He alighted from the train and saw a porter.

"Do you know this address?" And he showed the parcel.

"Sure I do that," grinned the fellow. "We all know 'em. Most generous they be and kindly disposed with their tips." He pointed to a straight road and a solitary figure. "See that young lady? You follow her."

Even at that distance, Arthur recognized the girl.

"Why follow her?" gasped he, like a fish out of water.

"That be Miss Marian Day!" laughed the fellow. "That parcel be for her mother. It be Miss Marian's birthday to-morrow." Here he winked. "That'll be present. I suppose."

Determinedly Arthur stepped out after the girl, and there was renewed hope in his heart. Maybe there would be a chance of pacifying her ladyship.

The Lull Before the Storm.

As the girl walked she brushed the powder from her clothes. Now she was annoyed for another reason. The car was not here to meet her, but as she had stated that she would come by a later train, what could she expect? Still, a walk might cool her fevered brow.

Something made her look back, and then her plucked eyebrows went up in an arch of indignation. That impertinent pup of a boy had had the audacity to follow her. With eyes flashing fire she waited till he drew near.

"How dare you follow me?" she cried indignantly. "If you don't go home I shall call the police."

And before Arthur could say a word she had marched away with her head very much in the air.

"Here, I say!" called Arthur, and began to hurry after her.

Marian turned, stamped her foot, and went on all the faster. Her anger increased when she looked back a few minutes later to find him following her. "Cheek!" she cried, and began to run.

"Confound it!" growled Arthur, and had to run as well.

After a quarter of a mile the girl paused for breath, and looked back, imagining that Arthur would be a speck on the horizon. Her horrified gaze saw a running figure that shambled to a walk even as she watched. Could he be a bad young man—one of those that held you up and stole your money? No, for all his faults she didn't think he could be as bad as all that.

Horror upon horror—he was waving to her. A gesture to stop. Then he must be a bad lad.

Marian began to run again, and sighed with relief as she saw the iron gates of her country house ahead. She glanced back at the entrance of the drive and shook her fist derisively. He wouldn't dare follow her any farther.

The sound of running footsteps made her whip round, and there he was at the gates.

"Hi!" he shouted; but Marian, in sudden panic, had taken to her heels.

Up the steps she rushed to the front door. He was following her, and she rang the bell furiously.

Watson, the butler, appeared.

"There's a man following me, drive him away!" she gasped, and darted indoors, but waited by the staircase to

see what would happen. Somehow she didn't want Watson to get caught.

"But do you want?" growled the butler. "Why you following Miss Marian?"

"I've got a parcel for Mrs. Day," stated Arthur between puffs. "I inquired the way, and they said follow Miss Marian. I'm from Biggs & Higgins, jewellers."

"Oh, I see," murmured Watson. "Wait here, please."

Mrs. Day had appeared, and mother and daughter had flown to each other's arms.

"So glad you've come earlier. You do look flushed," said the mother, a trifle anxiously.

"I've been running," Marian glanced at the glass door, where she could see two figures. "I'll go and change my clothes."

"Do, darling," murmured the mother. At the top of the stairs Marian looked down.

The boy was actually in the hall and shaking hands with her mother. This looked like a mystery. She would change quickly and find out what it all meant.

Meanwhile, Arthur was explaining that he came from Biggs & Higgins, and had a very important parcel.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Day. "The pearls for Marian." Then she smiled at the boy. "What is your name?"

"Arthur Bryant, madame," said the boy.

"You don't by any means come from Painesville, Ohio?" she asked, and at once Arthur's face lit up.

"Sure, that's my home town," he cried. "My pop sent me to Mr. Biggs to learn a trade, and it seems years since I've been away."

"Arthur, I'm delighted to meet you," was the surprising remark of Mrs. Day.

She held out her hand to her son, and he and I were old school friends, and knowing I was in Chicago, she wrote asking if I could invite you round."

Here Mrs. Day hesitated.

"I have to confess I mislaid the letter, but directly I saw you, I guessed at once who you were. You're the image of your mother. How very curious!"

Arthur just stood there tongue-tied, and then kindly Mrs. Day went on talking.

"You've come at a right time. It's Marian's birthday to-morrow, and you shall stay the night and come to the party. I'll ring up your uncle and put that right." Here she smiled. "We do a lot of business with him, so he won't mind. And don't say a word that you work for Biggs & Higgins, because I want those pearls to be a surprise for Marian. You will be just an old friend. Ah, here she comes! Marian!"

It was a surprise for Marian when her mother introduced the boy as an old friend of the family. Arthur looked so apologetic that all her anger vanished, and she held out her hand.

"I am happy to see you in a firm grip," she cried gaily. "We've got a spare horse, and you can be my escort."

"You're a quick worker, Marian," laughed her mother. "So the young folk know you're back already? All the same crowd, I suppose?"

"All those that are coming to the party," laughed Marian. "We're going to ride and think out rags—awful fun."

"I—er—can't go riding like this," nervously murmured Arthur. "Perhaps I could follow on foot?"

"Not at all," said Marian. "You've got wings," laughed Marian. "Mums, he shall have pop's outfit."

"Of course Arthur can," exclaimed the mother. "W. t. r. n!" The butler appeared. "Take this gentleman upstairs and get out the master's riding suit."

And thus was Arthur Bryant led away to what he thought was his final doom.

The Fateful Ride.

ARTHUR tried to think of every excuse to get out of that ride, but every excuse broke down under one argument—the girl would think him a coward.

He squared his shoulders. He must go riding, and pray that if he were clucked off he would be clucked on to something soft. Don't think the lad was a coward; but when very small he was savaged by a horse, and grew up eyeing horses with mistrust. They were best left alone, hence the fact that he had never ridden a horse in his life, and he knew that it was no child's play.

He didn't mind a fall so much, it was the fact that he would look a perfect idiot in front of Marian and all her young friends.

Why couldn't they go out on motor-bicycles? He'd show 'em a thing or two! But horses! He shuddered, and clucked off the breeches of Eep De.

Evidently the father must be a very tall man, because the breeches fitted nowhere. The clothes fitted well under the arms for length, whilst two of Arthur would have still given the waist line an inch or two to spare. For a moment he decided to plead that as her father's pants didn't fit, he couldn't ride with the daughter.

Cowardice again. No, he would ride even if he did look a perfect sight. His honour demanded this sacrifice.

How Marian laughed when Arthur Bryant came down the stairs. The girl was a charming picture in buff riding breeches, silk blouse, and a French beret.

"You remind me of a comic turn at the theatres," she hooted with laughter, much to Arthur's annoyance. "Aren't your breeches a trifle short?" she asked with gentle sarcasm.

"My temper will also be short before I'm through," rasped Arthur, whose nerves were rather on edge.

"Come on, Arthur," she cried gaily. "All the others are here."

"I'm ready, Miss Day." He said it like a martyr.

"Cut out the miss stuff," cried the girl. "You don't think I'm going to bleed Mr. Bryant all day long, do you? Come on, my lad."

"All right, Marian," answered the ghost of Arthur. "Hope the boss ain't as large as your pop's pants."

"Only sixteen hands." An answer that meant nothing to him. It would have been just the same if he had said "sixteen feet." At any rate, Arthur decided that the horse was a darned sight too tall and big when he managed to tear himself away from the house. To his distorted imagination, Buster looked like an elephant.

Marian waved gaily to a dozen or so boys and girls that were waiting. All sat their saddles as if they were born to them. A groom appeared, and Marian leaped up as if she were a feather. Then a groom came forward with Buster—it was Arthur's turn.

The youngest approached the mount slowly and warily; it seemed to him as if he had never seen a horse with such a mass of hair. The groom gave a swift glance at the girls, just touched the stirrups and stood prepared to help Arthur into the saddle.

Now there is a wrong way and a right way of mounting a horse. You don't want to put your right foot into the left stirrup. A procedure that brought a titter of mirth. Having discovered which foot was required, Arthur managed to get same into the stirrup, but a horse usually moves slightly forward as one mounts and it is advisable to stand slightly nearer the animal's head, so that one is helped into the saddle by the forward movement. Not unlike the mounting of a bicycle.

Try and mount a bicycle and not go with it, and you land on the mudguards and the ground. Well, Arthur landed on Buster's hindquarters, and then slid gracefully to the ground.

More mirth, in which Marian joined.

"Buck up, Arthur."

Arthur collected himself together, glared at the horse, squared his shoulders, and went at Buster with a rush. His foot found the stirrup and up he went into the air, so fast that he went clean over the saddle and landed in a heap on the other side.

"He's a trick rider," said one person unkindly.

Arthur summoned a grin, struggled to his feet and endeavoured to do the rush again, but not quite so fast. He landed in the saddle, clutched wildly at the pommel and again slid to the ground with a jolt that did his spine no end of good.

By this time, Arthur was considerably bruised and dusty, but he wouldn't be beaten, and he came at the horse again. This time he reduced the rush, and only half got into the saddle, another wild grab and once more he was on terra firma.

All the party yelled their approval, but Marian was annoyed that her new friend was making such an exhibition of himself. He didn't seem to be able to do a single thing without making a mess of it.

"We're meeting Winnie, Thelma and Archie on the Ridgeway," she called out. "They'll get fed up with waiting if we don't hurry."

The rest were so interested in Arthur's antics, that they didn't want to go, but Marian was a young woman who had her own way. She watched one more fruitless effort, and then turned her horse down the drive.

"You go ahead," called out Arthur, weakly. "I'll catch you up."

More laughter and the party had trooped away. The groom held the restive horse, and it says much for them that his face never twitched.

"May I show you, sir, the best way to mount Buster?" he said.

"Hosses have their fancies, and Buster likes this way best."

Therewith followed a graceful and easy movement, which Arthur watched with envious eyes.

"Let's have another try," he cried, dusting himself down, and hoping that Marian's father didn't often use his riding kit.

This time, Arthur gained the saddle, where he wobbled like a watery jelly. The groom showed him how to thread the reins between his fingers. Simple enough except that Buster would keep on tossing up his head, anxious no doubt to join the other horses. Every time that happened, Arthur was jolted forward and nearly shot over his head, only a desperate grip on the saddle saved the day.

"Buster's got a tough mouth, mister," warned the groom. "Otherwise he's as quiet as a lamb."

"Tough mouth?"

"Been ridden hard by amateurs." Perhaps the groom's mouth did twitch this time. "Always sawing on his mouth—makes 'em tough. So that if you ain't careful, Buster will get the bit between his teeth and be frolicsome. No harm in him, but likes a run."

"What ought I to do?"

"Keep a tight rein, mister," was the warning. "Never let him get his head down. In other words don't let him pry around for rabbit holes." Here he lowered his voice to a whisper. "Take my tip, mister, and trot. Let them others do all the cantering and galloping. Oh, and one thing else." He held up a finger in mysterious manner.

"Hosses has a way of knowing when they're going home. A hoss will go out all peaceful like, but directly he turns his head for home, up goes his ears and whatho."

"Whatho?" puzzled Arthur.

"Goes all out at the first chance," grinned the groom. "That's when you want to keep yer hands up. Good luck, mister."

But Arthur hadn't heard the last sentence, because Buster had grown tired of waiting, had whisked round, and gone down the drive like a streak of lightning. Actually it was only a canter, but to Arthur it seemed like lightning.

Beating the Wind.

FOR a few yards Arthur managed to grip the reins, but a sudden lurch made him feverishly grip the pommel.

Out in the roadway, and every instinct seemed to urge the boy to choose the easy way and fall out of the saddle before it was too late, but though he couldn't ride he had plenty of courage. He would stick to this plaguey horse if it killed him.

Bump, bump, bump! He tried to

visualise other people that he had seen riding. Between his anguish he remembered someone telling him that one must keep in time with the horse, and that if one rose in the air at the precise moment the jolting would cease. After a lot of painful jolting, Arthur suddenly found himself rising and falling. He felt frightfully elated until he rose a trifle too far and was pitched forward, his arms enfolded Buster's neck, and, by the time Arthur had got back into the saddle, Buster had got the bit between his teeth.

If the trot had been lightning, this was greased. His hat was whisked from his head, whilst poor's large coat streamed out like a kite. He endeavoured to lie back and drag the bit from Buster's teeth, and that nearly caused his downfall—only a desperate clutch at the pommel saved him. He remembered about gripping with the knees—advice he had read in a book—but with pants that are about ten sizes too big, it was nigh impossible.

"Oh, look!" cried one of the young party.

The young folk turned to see Arthur boring down on them like an express train.

"Hi, Arthur, stop!" cried Marian.

But Arthur didn't stop because he couldn't. He had found that by lying low over Buster's neck he was able to recover his breath. Hence he looked like an out-of-work jockey as he flashed past.

Buster saw a stretch of open country, and next moment was on soft grassland.

"Help!" weakly moaned Arthur, and saw ahead a large hedge.

Like a bird the horse went up in the air, to disappear from the sight of the gaping party.

"Well, I am surprised!" gasped one youth. "That's daredevil riding, and no mistake. I say Marian, perhaps that new friend of yours was pulling our legs."

"I expect he was," murmured Marian, forcing a smile.



Arthur gripped Slim Harris by the throat.

She had her own opinions, but was pleased that the others differed.

But let us follow Arthur Bryant and see where he is now—a good mile away. Already two more hedges have been jumped with ease. Arthur began to sit up a little, a strange exhilaration in his heart. If he survived this outing he'd learn to ride.

Why Buster should then have chosen to tear through a wood is beyond comprehension. Branches and bows whizzed over his head, dirt, twigs, and leaves bespattered his clothes, but still he clung to the saddle. A small branch whipped his cheek and made him yelp with the pain—pain that made him really angry.

"I'll learn ye, you brute!" he cried, and gripped the reins between his fingers. Back he swung in the saddle, and, to his surprise, Buster began to slow, but off went the horse again when another bough caused the boy to duck.

Clear of the wood, and once more Arthur was tugging at the reins. Buster went from a gallop to a canter, and from a canter to a jog-trot, and finally trott a walk to a halt.

"Corks!" breathed Arthur. "I'm still alive!"

He decided to get back to the party and show him what he could do, but forgot what the groom had said about Buster going home. Off went Buster on another mad gallop, and, strain as he might, Arthur could not pull in his mount.

"All right, have it your own way!" shouted the lad, and, in a fit of bravado, slapped the horse hard.

Bing! The only word that can describe the amazing speed that Buster suddenly developed. Arthur had a vague idea of skimming over bushes and under trees, flashing over a stream, and then, by some miracle, being once more on the road.

The cloud of dust was spotted by the anxious Marian.

"He's coming back," she cried. Like a whirlwind the horseman drew nearer.

"Hi, Arthur, stop!" yelled the girl. But once again Arthur shot by, and they stared after the disappearing cloud of dust.

"Coo, I ain't ever seen Buster move like that before!" gasped a youth.

"Darned if I'd like to chance it!" Arthur looked up and saw the iron gates ahead, and, like a flash, Buster had whipped round and pounded up the drive, to stop like a lamb before the house. The boy slithered out of the saddle, mopped his brow, and with one hand leaning against the horse's flanks, gasped for breath.

Then he began to realise the sight he presented.

"I'll teach you to play tricks with me!" he growled. "You just wait there a moment!"

Into the house flew Arthur, and was glad to find no one about. Up the stairs he raced to his room, and, forgetting all about aches and pains, changed into his own clothes.

Down the stairs he went, quite unaware that from behind a pillar a man with fierce eyes watched him.

Curiously enough, Buster was still waiting, and Arthur almost flew into the saddle.

"Now you git on down the drive," stormed Arthur, "and make it snappy!" And Buster, recognising that something had happened to his young rider, obeyed quite meekly.

February 15th, 1930.

The Burglary.

IF Arthur Bryant hadn't been in such a tearing hurry he might have thought it curious that in so big a household there was no one about.

Actually, much had been happening. The gentleman of the straw hat, who had caused Arthur some inconvenience in the train, had also chosen the Day household for a visit. He was a gentleman of the light-fingered fraternity, who carried his livelihood by burglary and such methods. He knew that there would be valuable presents for Marian's birthday, and had come there because he felt they would be very useful to himself.

Being an expert, he had scaled a wall and found his way towards the servants' quarters. Here the sight of a quick man whose worthiness to scuttle like rabbits into the cellar, where they had been locked in.

That done, Slim Harris, of the carefully-cut clothes, had walked upstairs Mr. Day was out; Mrs. Day was asleep, whilst the latter's personal maid was also enjoying forty winks. He had found the room where all the presents were stored, had made his pick, and prepared to depart. This departure was interrupted by the appearance of Arthur, and Slim had gripped a loaded stick in readiness to deal with the boy, but it hadn't been necessary.

Arthur gone, Slim was at liberty to depart, and he decided to go by the same way that he had entered, with the result that Slim was slinking along by a high wall when a thunderbolt landed on him.

Out in the main road, Arthur turned in the direction he had last seen Marian, but, much to his annoyance, he could find no sign of them.

"Just my luck!" he grumbled, and tried the open country.

No sign of his new friends, so he returned to the main road.

A pedestrian was seen approaching, and, with a whoop, Arthur went after the man. The latter was thoroughly scared as Arthur slithered to a stop, because the youngster was so eager to find Marian that in his keenness he stopped too violently and winded himself on Buster's head.

"Have you"—gasp—"seen some"—gasp—"riders"—final gasp.

"Saw a party way back—Mrs. Day and friends," said the fellow.

"Which way were they going?" he panted out.

"Should say they were riding round the estate," was the answer. "Have you lost 'em?"

"I don't look as if I'd found 'em, do I?" growled Arthur. "Many thanks!"

Once more he was off down the road, and when the high wall that surrounded Marian's home turned at right angles, Arthur left the road and tore over brambles and hedgerows in pursuit.

Buster had decided that a joke was a joke, and that he had had quite enough for one afternoon.

Ahead Arthur saw his new friends, and whooping gaily urged the horse to renewed effort. Buster, with ill grace, responded.

His approach was heard, and the whole party pulled up to wait for him, but by this time Buster was in a bad temper.

Arthur tugged like mad at the reins, but the horse tore on at a mad gallop.

The riders scattered to right and left, and Arthur gasped with horror as Buster, when close to the spot where the party

had been a moment before, suddenly charged straight at the wall.

"Woo!" bleated Arthur, and the horse stuck out his front legs like bars of iron. The result was that Arthur flew out of the saddle like a stone from a catapult, up in the air he went, to sail gracefully over the wall. To land with a crash on the shoulders of the man who slunk through the gardens.

In a heap Slim Harris and Arthur Bryant crashed to the ground.

Both were winded, whilst the black bag with the jewels burst open. Arthur was the first to recover, and how his eyes blinked at sight of the man with the straw hat, the open bag, and the loaded stick. It was the pearls that revealed the truth, because they were the actual pearls that Biggs and Higgins had given him to deliver.

Slim Harris opened his eyes, and, being a crook, at once thought about safety, but directly he tried to wriggle to his feet Arthur was on him like a terrier.

"No, you don't!" he cried, and gripped him by the throat.

Desperately, the two struggled, but Arthur was grim and determined. This was his chance to get in well with Marian.

"Help, help!" he yelled.

"He's badly hurt!" wailed Marian. "Oh, we must be quick!"

It was several minutes before they could get to the scene through a private entrance to which Marian had the key. What a surprise to find Arthur having a rough-and-tumble with a strange man, then Mrs. Day appeared on the scene.

"The pearls. Your presents, Marian!" she wailed. "Oh, hold that man, somebody!" The butler, much ruffled in appearance, charged past, and Slim Harris gave up the struggle.

Explanations followed. Mrs. Day told how she had rung for tea and got no answer, and had finally located the servants in the cellar. Arthur was patted on the back, and though he acted abominably, smiled like a conqueror.

"You brave boy!" said Marian, and that was like music in his ears.

They hustled the unfortunate Slim Harris away, and Mrs. Day and the party went off in an excited group. Mrs. Day knew that Marian would want to thank Arthur personally.

All Arthur's new-found courage evaporated when he found himself alone with Marian, who was gazing up at him in a friendly but most provoking manner.

"I'm awfully pleased, Arthur," she said. "I shall ask pops to see that you come here often. That's if you'd like to come and stay."

"Would I—you bet!" mumbled Arthur.

"I don't know how to thank you," went on the girl, and edged a little nearer. "I shall scream."

"You won't scream!" It was a puzzler to Arthur. "What you want to scream for?"

Marian edged a little closer so that her upturned face was not many inches from Arthur's nose.

"You're very dense, Arthur!" she mocked. "I don't believe you would dare."

A great grin illuminated Arthur's face because the grey cells had suddenly functioned. She wouldn't scream if he kissed her.

And Arthur was so greatly daring that he not only kissed her once, but three times, and Marian never screamed. (By permission of Universal Pictures, Ltd., featuring Arthur Lake as Arthur Bryant.)

A band of crooks try to prevent a lad inheriting land rich in oil. A brave girl and a daredevil cowboy champion the boy and risk their lives to see justice done. Starring Jack Perrin and Eileen Sedgewick.

"THE VANISHING WEST"



EPISODE 5.

"THE END OF THE TRAIL."

Wells Fargo Takes Control.

AFTER him!" Sheriff El Waldon shouted, brandishing his gun in the air. "He can't have got far, and I reckon he knows more than he will tell."

Three of the deputies made for the door, thrusting their weapons into their holsters as they ran. They were about to pass into the street when the quiet voice of Wells Fargo checked them.

"Let him go, my friends," he said. "He cannot get away, and I dare say I know where to look for him when I want him."

The sheriff immediately protested. He was feeling somewhat sore at the way he had been left in the dark.

"He's a slippery customer, Mr. Fargo," he said, half in anxiety, half in annoyance. "If he's allowed too much rope, he'll clear out altogether."

Fargo shrugged his shoulders casually. He had proceeded too far with the case now not to know what he was doing; at the same time, he was not disposed to take the sheriff into his confidence just yet.

"He'll not clear out. And if he does, who could stop him?" He looked at the sheriff shrewdly. "As I understand things, you brought him here with the others for the purpose of holding an inquiry. Actually, you had nothing against him. Am I not right?"

"I might not have had just now, but I reckon he's as good as confessed," the sheriff retorted. "He's cleared out at a time when things were getting too warm for him, and that's enough for me. I am entitled to hold him until I can complete my inquiries."

Wells Fargo shook his head.

"Tell me, what exactly have you got against him apart from the fact that he

ran away?" He paused, waiting for an answer. None came. "You see, you haven't even the basis of a prosecution." He plucked his hand into his pocket once more and drew out the handful of flint arrowheads that he had shown previously. "What have you found out about these, for instance?"

"Nothing," replied the sheriff shortly. "Except that one was found on the ground after the Toyahvale stage coach was held up and the driver murdered. Another was discovered after the hold-up of the El Paso, Limited, six months ago, and two others were found on Jim Marvin."

Wells Fargo nodded slowly.

"And so you jumped to the conclusion that Jim Marvin was the leader of the hold-up gang," he murmured softly. "At the same time, you knew he was not the type that made robbery and murder his profession. You must have been in a bad state over it."

Sheriff El Waldon swung away savagely. He was quite well aware that Fargo was having a quiet laugh at his expense, and the thought did not please him. But he was unable to make any answers which would establish his standing again. When he came to think over the whole case calmly, he realised he knew as much about it as he did about battleships—exactly nothing.

"Anyway, I am entitled to hold Trent and his men for attempted murder," he said obstinately. "They tried to blow Jim Marvin and some others into small pieces down at the old silver mine."

Wells Fargo looked round slowly, as if weighing in his mind what he ought to do. Then he calmly threw aside the rug that had been tucked round his knees, climbed out of the bathchair, and walked into the centre of the group.

"That little deception was necessary," he explained. "No one ever thinks a cripple is dangerous." He studied the arrowheads in his hand for a few moments, and then looked up once more. "These things are incriminating. As they have been found after a murder, I should say that anyone who has one of them in his possession at this moment is liable to be indicted on the capital charge."

He spoke quietly and deliberately; at the same time, there seemed to be in his expression a far-away, unaltered expression, as though he were talking to himself.

The ensuing silence was broken by a slight clatter. In a moment he had swung round.

"Those four men over there!" he snapped, and his whole attitude had undergone a change. "Get your hands up! I am formally arresting you for the killing of the driver of the Toyahville stage."

His gun pointed in the direction of Collins, Skeggs, Maloney, and Perrin.

If there had been any doubt that Collins was completely innocent of this accusation, it was speedily dispelled now. He went dead white, and his hands shook with fright as he held them above his head.

"I didn't—I didn't!" he blurted out. "I had nothing to do with it. I stood all along that shooting the driver of the stage up was a mistake, and would land us all in the calaboose."

Fargo stepped quickly up to his side. "You're lying, Collins!" he said. "It was you that fired the fatal shot!"

"It wasn't! I swear it wasn't!"

"Then who did?"

"Jack Trent!"

Wells Fargo turned to where he

February 15th, 1938.

sheriff was standing. A faint smile hovered about the corners of his mouth. "A simple ruse, but it always works," he murmured. "I wonder you didn't think of it yourself. You see, those four men dumped a load of the arrowheads as soon as I said that anyone carrying any would be implicated. That's how I knew it was them."

Jim Marvin stepped forward and touched Wells Fargo on the arm.

"That clears me, doesn't it?" he asked. "I had nothing to do with the hold-up. I was at the Bar X ranch at the time it took place. My brothers and I were working at the dipping troughs, and three of those guys were with me. They denied I was there at the time, and that's how the sheriff began to get suspicious of me. Now it's been proved that they are some of Trent's men, and that they would naturally want to get rid of me. I reckon their story about me being missing at the time of the murder doesn't hold good."

Fargo held up his hand.

"One moment, young man," he said quickly. "As I see things, you are in line with Wally Lee's guardian, which means that in the event of Wally establishing his claim to those oil lands, you would practically control his money. Am I right?"

"You are."

"Then sit tight a minute. Before I let you go, I'm having this case cleared once and for all."

Jim stood back with Betty as Fargo reached out for a chair. He carried it over to a far corner, placed it with its seat to the wall, and then sat down, his arms resting on the back.

"Mamie Trent, stand forward!" he called.

There was a stir as a door at the back of the saloon opened and she walked into the room.

The Mystery Man.

WELLS FARGO regarded her in silence for a few moments, purposely holding in his hand so that she could see two of the flint arrowheads.

"Mrs. Trent," he said at last, "I have sometimes wondered why you ever put up with your husband. He hasn't treated you too well. Anyway, he has reached the end of his career now, and I don't expect you're sorry. He indicated the arrowheads. "Perhaps you'd like to tell me about these."

She stared at him levelly, and in her eyes he could see uncertainty. Suddenly they hardened.

"I can tell you nothing," she replied coldly.

"No?" He shifted to a more comfortable position on his chair. "Well, perhaps it is not so important, after all, because I think I know all I want to. You see, I have been making a few inquiries. Your father and mother own a granite quarry up in the mountains, don't they?"

"Well, what if they do?"

"The granite got from there is exactly like that of which these arrowheads are made," Fargo went on slowly, his voice never rising above a conversational tone. "Of course, I hate to suggest it, but it might so happen that I have to take along your father as an accessory."

She looked at him wildly, as if she would like to spring on him and tear him to pieces. Then, as if the strain had become too much for her, she broke down, burying her face in her hands.

February 13th, 1930.

"There, there," said Fargo soothingly. "Don't take it like that. I'm only just trying to find out enough to establish the innocence of those who were nothing to do with the murder, and incidentally bring to justice those who were responsible." He paused again, as though remembering something else. "Let me see, your name before your marriage was Coles, wasn't it?"

She nodded, her face still hidden.

"I thought so. It was the name of the brand of the Toyahvale stage who disappeared after the driver had been killed."

She looked up at that, and her eyes began to blaze recklessly. Fargo sat back, knowing that he had broken down her resistance.

"You can't implicate him," she cried.

"You can't tell you. It would kill my father and mother if they knew. I'll admit that Dick was guard on the stage, but he fell into debt with the man who did the hold-up."

"Playing fero at this saloon?" Fargo interposed gently.

"Yes." The word was spoken almost in a whisper as she realised the trap into which she had fallen. "You've got me to give the game away now. It was into my husband's clutches he fell. Trent had half this township in his hands at one time through gambling debts. Dick was amongst them."

"And Dick had to take the job of guard on the stage to help Trent with his hold-up?" Fargo suggested, seeing the trend of events now that he had heard so much.

"Yes, that was it." Her voice rose almost to a shrill scream. "You clever devils! You've made me squeal on my own husband. You've tied me up until I've had to put the noose round his neck."

"It's my job," Fargo said slowly. "Anyway, he never meant much to you." He turned to the sheriff.

"Sheriff, see that Mamie Trent is escorted to Barstow, where her people live. I shall not want her again. The arrowheads came from her father's quarry, where she made them under Trent's orders. She acted under coercion, and the law can't touch her."

She turned away, and quietly left the room. Her face was still buried in her hands, and she was weeping.

"I think that more or less clears up the murder case," Fargo went on. "Trent did the job, and a few more inquiries will establish the fact that he was the leader of the hold-up gang that has been working in these parts."

"What about Jim Marvin?" the sheriff asked.

"Oh, yes! Jim Marvin." Fargo's eyes flickered for a moment over Jim's face. "His case is more complicated. Isn't it? Let me see now. Was Trent present when you found the arrowhead the first time?"

"Yes," the sheriff replied. "You see, Trent had knocked him down, and when I came to help him to his feet I found it lying by his side."

"That disposes of one incident," Fargo commented. "The arrowhead obviously fell out of Trent's pocket, or was dropped from it deliberately during or after the struggle. How about the second time?"

The sheriff pondered for a moment, as though trying to recall the circumstances.

"I found it in Jim's pocket when I arrested him in the deserted hotel at the oil city," he said slowly.

"I put it there without thinking," Jim cut in. "It was left on the counter after the box containing Wally's papers had disappeared."

Fargo glanced at him, and then rested his chin on his hands. Dead silence prevailed for several minutes, broken only by the detective drawing in his breath sharply. His eyes were fixed on the doorway.

Everyone in the room turned. Standing before them was the mystery man, his face no longer masked. His head was still banded, and under his arm he carried a black tin box.

Wally stared at him dumbfoundedly, and then darted forward.

"Father," he exclaimed. "It's you! You're not dead!"

Old Robert Lee chuckled.

"Do I look like it?" he added, putting his free arm round Wally's shoulders.

Fargo thought the occasion well worth more personal investigation. He got up from his chair and went over to where the two were standing.

"Robert Lee?" he asked.

"That's me," Lee replied.

"I am Wells Fargo, the man you have been impersonating," the detective went on. "The impersonation was partly by fault, of course, because I told some others that you were me. It distracted attention from my movements. At the moment I am looking into one or two small matters for the sheriff, and I think you can help me. Will you come over this way?"

He led Lee to where the others were standing, and resumed his position on his chair.

The Trump Card.

THE proceedings were interrupted for a while. The sheriff and

Fargo held a hurried consultation out of hearing of the others, and then the sheriff went away.

As soon as he had gone Fargo turned to Lee once more.

"You've led everyone a pretty dance this last week, Lee," he said. "A whole heap of people have been looking for you, and you've been around all the time. What's the big idea?"

"Ever heard of a writ of attachment?" Lee asked.

"I have," Fargo replied. "It's an order of the court, subject to defence, attaching all your goods and money for the benefit of a creditor. In other words, if you owe someone a stiff bill and you don't pay it, they can seize all you've got and sell it for their benefit."

"If they can find you," Lee interposed. "The writ can't be enforced unless it's been served on you personally, and you have a chance either to defend yourself or to pay what you owe."

Fargo uttered a low whistle of surprise.

"So that was it?" he muttered. "Trent had you as well?"

Lee nodded.

"You see, I always had an idea that those gushers would start up again sooner or later," he explained. "Oil wells don't run dry in such a short time. So, as I'd married Trent's sister, I went in to him for loans to hang on when things got bad. He started to worry me for the return of the money long before I was ready to repay, and one day he heard that I had applied to the commissioner for the writ."

"I made myself pretty scarce, I can tell you. You see, if I had had that writ served on me, Trent would have taken the lands, and what I knew to be worth millions would have been sold by him in public auction for a mere few hundred dollars. I dared not risk that, so I just vanished from sight."

Wally's coming down here completely took me by surprise. I had reckoned on him being safe in school

at St. Louis. Then I heard about the gushers starting up again, and about Trent making desperate bids to get Wally's proofs that he was my son away from him. I decided that until I could clear myself financially I should have to remain in hiding."

Fargo nodded slowly and smiled. The whole case was resolving itself with complete simplicity, and he had a satisfied feeling that everything would turn out right for everybody. Even the sheriff would be able to have Trent's hold-up gang under lock and key.

A more ordinary man might have put Collins and the three other confederates in irons then and there, but Fargo was not an ordinary man. On the contrary, he adopted unusual methods which always made him successful in the final issues of every case he investigated, and this one was going to be no exception.

"But why steal your son's papers?" he asked, his eyes half-closed.

Lee started and looked at him closely. Fargo had a disconcerting habit of taking people by surprise.

"I suppose I ought to explain that," Lee said. "Especially as I tried to get young Jim Marvin put in the calaboose. You see, Jim was working in Wally's interests because he had fallen in love with Betty, and I knew him of old to be a stiff proposition. So when he made for the deserted hotel in the oil city I followed."

"I waited until his back was turned, and so timed things that the sheriff and his men were approaching. Then I took the box containing the papers from where he had put it on the counter, and left in its place a flint arrowhead that I had found lying on the ground some days before. I reckoned that Jim would pick up the arrowhead and be found with it in his hand when the sheriff arrived."

"Things worked out even better. Jim put the flint in his pocket, and he was arrested. But the plan failed. He escaped."

"There was nothing else to do but to keep him hanging about with me. If I surrounded myself with a certain amount of mystery by wearing a mask so as to throw him and others off the scent—I did not want Wally to recognise me, for one thing—that was all part of my game. I was mainly concerned in preventing Jim from finding out that Robert Lee was still alive, for if I had let him know he would have insisted that I showed up to the sheriff so as to establish Wally's claim. And the moment my face was seen in Black Rock the commissioner's clerk would have planted that writ on me, and the lands would have been swallowed up in my liability with Trent."

Fargo wasted no further time in considering the matter. He turned to Jim at once.

"You're free," he announced. "The sheriff never really had anything on you, only he hadn't the time or the patience to probe to the bottom of what had been happening."

Jim turned to Betty impulsively. Now that

he was clear of the shadow of a crime he had never committed he wanted to say something he had been saving up ever since he had met her.

"Betty, I—"

Fargo's voice cut across the room like a knife.

"Cut it out!" he said. "Leave all that for some other time. What do you think this place is—a bower of roses?"

A yell of laughter went up from those standing around. It was followed quickly by a shout of warning, and a shot sounded abruptly. With an oath two of the deputies made a rush for the door through which Collins had vanished a split second before.

Again Fargo's voice dominated the situation.

"Let him go!" he said calmly. "See that the other three are handcuffed securely now. I don't want them to escape."

Lee stepped forward quickly. On his face was a look of alarm.

"He's gone to warn Trent and help him collect the rest of the gang," he said. "I saw them once all together, and there must be at least twenty. Unless you stop him there will be bloodshed. They'll come back and massacre the lot of us."

Fargo lit a cigar with studied deliberation.

"No doubt they will come back," he said coolly. "For one thing, Trent will want to clear this building of incriminating documents. But as for bloodshed—"

He paused and a thoughtful look came into his eyes. "Perhaps you will all excuse me," he went on. "I have one or two arrangements to make. Lee, you had better take your son and Miss Kincaid to the hotel. It will be safer there."

He went to a door leading to the back of the premises and disappeared through it.

"He's got something up his sleeve," said Lee, watching him go. "What it is I don't know, but that man holds the trump card in this little game."

The Attack.

TRENT gathered his band of followers around him in the forest behind the deserted oil city. As each one passed before him he held up a small flint arrowhead as evidence of his identity.

"Things have come to a crisis, men," Trent said, addressing them. "It has been discovered that I am at the head of the hold-up organisation, and Wells Fargo, the detective, is at my saloon making inquiries. The whole of my private papers are in the building also. You know what that means."

A murmur of apprehension went up. They knew well enough. The names of all of them, together with enough evidence to send them to penal servitude, were at Wells Fargo's mercy.

"I can get you out of this if you'll stand by me to the limit," Trent went on quickly. "If you don't, then Fargo will get us. What do you say?"

A shout went up. There was no doubt as to their support. They were implicated to the hilt, and they knew it.

"Then look to your guns, and see that they're fully loaded. That saloon must be burnt to the ground so that not a particle of it remains. And Wells Fargo must burn with it. Come on."

With Trent at their head they rode out of the forest on to the trail and proceeded at a gallop towards Black Rock. Barely had they covered half the distance before Trent suddenly held up his hand for a halt. He shaded his eyes and looked down the trail at a small cloud of dust that moved towards them.

"It's Collins!" he exclaimed, and broke into a gallop once more.

Collins drew rein by Trent's side a minute later, and Trent could see that on his face was a look of fear.

"What is the matter?" he asked quickly. "Has anything serious happened?"

"That Wells Fargo is uncanny," Collins said in an agitated voice. "He's



The room was like a battlefield. Jim sprang at Trent and laid his enemy backwards across a table. Again and again he crashed his fist into Trent's face.

been asking questions, and knows that you did that murder job. He also knows all about the hold-ups and our share in trying to get Lee's lands. He's after you, Trent, and unless you're mighty careful he'll get you, too."

Trent drew back his lips in a snarl. His face was a study of ugly brutality.

"You mean he'd like to get me," he said. "We're on our way now to burn up my saloon and destroy every shred of evidence that could possibly be used against us in a court of law. If necessary, we'll clean out the whole township. You'd better join us. You'll be safer than wandering about on your own."

They rode on, gathering speed as they came within sight of the town itself. Like an avalanche of death they swept into the main street, cleared it from end to end with a fusillade of shots, and approached the saloon at a gallop.

Jim and Steve, watching side by side from the windows, saw them coming. They waited until the last moment, hoping against hope that a battle would be averted.

Suddenly they dropped behind the sill as they saw two forty-fives levelled at them simultaneously. The bullets whined in through the window and flattened themselves on the wall behind.

"Let them have it!" said Jim quietly. "Give them what they came for!"

Steve and Jim, with the remaining deputies, crowded to every available opening from which they could see the street, and their guns began to crack rapidly. Two of the bandits dropped almost immediately, and the remainder hung back.

"Keep them busy!" came Trent's voice. "Surround the building. They can't get out. Remember, if one of them gets away we're for the pen."

His men obeyed with alacrity. They spread out fanwise and closed in on all sides of the building, dismounting and taking cover behind any protection that offered.

Jim saw the move and did his best to counter it. He and his men plunged into the street in the hope that they could break their formation, but their shooting was of no avail. The whole thing had been done too quickly, and Trent had so distributed his followers that fast shooting was almost useless.

"Where is Wells Fargo?" Lee asked. "He said he would see us through, but he seems to have cleared out. Has anyone seen him?"

"He left by the back way," answered a voice. "He took one of the horses from the compound and rode off in the direction of the sheriff's office."

Jim looked grave. He was watching suspicious movements outside.

"I hope he gets along pretty quickly," he said. "They're bringing up brushwood and paraffin from the store opposite. I believe they've—Yes, they've shot old Mike who runs the place and they're looting it." He lowered his voice. "They're going to burn us out!"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Lee in an agonised voice. "I wish I had taken Fargo's advice and moved Wally and Betty to the hotel."

Jim started, and looked over to where Betty was sitting. She was struggling with Wally, who wanted to get to the windows with his catapult.

"Let me get at 'em," he was saying. "If I can only draw a bead on that chap Trent I'll bust his nose for him."

February 15th, 1920.

Jim went across and laid his hand on Wally's shoulder.

"Don't make things too difficult for Betty, son," he said kindly. "She's quite right in not letting you run into danger. If you showed yourself at the windows for one second someone would plug you clean, and you wouldn't even see who did it before you passed out."

"All right, Jim," Wally replied willingly enough. "Sorry. I didn't realise I was making myself a nuisance."

A shout came from Steve, who had been watching the street outside.

"There's Wells Fargo," he yelled. "Come and look."

Jim rushed to his side, and saw the detective engaged in what was apparently a pleasant conversation with Trent himself. He bore his usual calm expression, and appeared quite oblivious to the fact that at any moment someone might send a bullet into him.

"He'll pull us out of this somehow," Lee cut in. "I don't know how he'll do it, but he will. You mark my words."

Trent's Last Bid.

WELLS FARGO had made quick work of his visit to the sheriff's office, spending a quarter of an hour on the telephone. He returned to the saloon in time to see Trent's men ride up, and drew aside under cover of a pile of boxes to await developments.

Presently he watched Trent give orders for the saloon to be surrounded, and moved forward quickly. He made a wide detour until he was behind the building in which Trent himself had taken cover, and climbed in at one of the windows.

Trent, busily taking aim at a small hole in the wall of the saloon through which Steve was firing, did not hear his approach. The first he knew of his presence was when he felt his gun removed from his hand.

He spun round, and emitted a sharp oath. Fargo promptly jabbed him in the ribs with his own weapon.

"Did you think I was still inside there, Trent?" he asked. "What a pity I'm not. Your fellows could have such a cheerful bonfire, and I dare say I would crackle quite musically. But it's not my way to be caught like that. I let Collins go because I knew he would come straight to you and would tell you I was a fool. Take it from me, I'm not."

"I'll fix you, you twister," Trent growled out between clenched teeth, and made a quick movement to get hold of his gun. His hands stopped in mid-air as he heard the sharp click of it being cocked.

"Don't try anything like that," Fargo advised. "It's unhealthy."

"What are you going to do?" Trent demanded, beginning to get scared.

"Completely stone-wall you," was the swift reply. "Make things so that neither you nor your men can move an inch for a quarter of an hour. At the end of that time—well, I have a little surprise for you." He motioned towards the door. "Let's go outside. It's stuffy in here."

Like one in a dream, Trent obeyed. Still with Fargo's pressure on his ribs, he walked straight into the exposed position in front of the saloon, and the shooting from both sides stopped from the sheer surprise of the move.

"Going to be pleasant—or awkward?" Fargo asked pleasantly.

"I'm going to tell my men to kill you," retorted Trent savagely.

"I somehow thought you would," Fargo observed. "It shows that you are a man who is completely lacking in imagination." He raised his voice. "Jim Marvin!"

"Hallo!" came Jim's voice from the saloon.

"Trent threatens to tell his men to plug me. Return the compliment if he does, will you?"

"Right."

Trent paled visibly. He saw now the position into which he had been led. His main reason for coming into the open so willingly was that he knew he could have Fargo killed there, but he had forgotten about the defenders in the saloon. If Fargo's position was dangerous, so was his own. They would get him before he could move a single pace towards cover.

"How do you feel about things now?" Fargo asked.

"I'm waiting for your next move," Trent replied. "Then I'll tell you."

Fargo shrugged his shoulders. "There isn't a next move," he said. "You're through, and if you wait here long enough you'll know why."

For the next ten minutes Fargo did his best to engage Trent in pleasant conversation, and the end of which time he abandoned his efforts. They stood in the centre of the street in silence, the attack stopped in a complete and insoluble deadlock.

Fargo was the first to move again. He turned so that he could see up the street towards the sheriff's office, and nodded with satisfaction.

"I told you I hadn't got a next move, Trent," he said quietly. "I had already made it before I came after you. A company of state troops is coming down the road to look after you and your cut-throats. Have you anything to say to that?"

Trent hung his head. This last revelation had knocked all the fight out of him.

"Only that I'm beat," he replied in a low voice.

Fargo left the final rounding up to the troops, and took Trent and Collins inside the saloon. Piled in one of the corners were Skeggs, Maloney, and Perrin, their handcuffs removed in case fire had broken out.

Jim greeted Fargo cheerfully as he came in, and then turned on Trent. He was about to say something when Fargo's hand dropped on his shoulder.

"Let him be," he said. "He's through."

Jim nodded understandingly and walked over to where Betty was waiting for him. He held out his hands, and she took them.

"Well, that's the end of the trail," Betty said. "So now I'm going to ask you that question."

She smiled up at him happily. "You don't need to ask it, Jim, and I don't need to answer. It isn't necessary."

He drew her towards him, while the deputies and others looked on interestedly. They had forgotten everything else for the moment, except the young couple before them.

A shout went up, and they wheeled round instinctively.

"Trent's got my guns," yelled a deputy.

"Get your nits up," came Trent's voice, cutting through the noise of the confusion. "Come on, men! Rush them!"

Jim dropped Betty's hands abruptly and looked round swiftly to fix Trent's

(Continued on page 25.)



JOHN BARRYMORE.

*A recent portrait of the famous
and popular film star.*

"BRANDED A COWARD."

(Continued from page 8.)

The officer made a swift note on his pad, and told the guard that an inquiry would be held in the morning. Then he started out on his inspection of the cabins.

He saw nothing out of the ordinary until he reached that occupied by Bill and Skeeter. Then he saw that Bill's bunk was empty.

"Where is Cadet Dunn?" he demanded in a sharp tone.

Skeeter raised his head above the bed-clothes, and sprang out as soon as he saw who it was.

"I don't know, sir. He went out to wash, I think."

"Tell him to report to me as soon as he returns." Then turned as there was a movement at the door behind him. "Cadet Dunn!" He stared at Bill almost unbelievably, knowing him to be one of the most promising students at the academy. "What are you doing at this hour in full-dress rig?"

"I've been out, sir," Bill explained, saluting. "I'm sorry I'm late, but I was hung up and couldn't get back earlier."

The officer looked at him grimly. "Very well. You will remain in your quarters until you are sent for. I shall bring a charge against you for striking one of the guards."

Bill stared at him aghast. "But, sir—" he began, and then stopped. He had seen what had happened in the grounds. "Very good, sir," he finished, and saluted.

From the Jaws of Death.

LIEUTENANT DUNN faced Bill squarely. His face lined heavily with the worry of Bill's arrest, bore disappointment.

"When I received the skipper's message at Washington, I got leave to come across," he said. "There must be some explanation, something I can do to clear things up." He laid his hands on Bill's shoulders. "Come, my boy, tell me about it. You can't ruin your whole career like this."

Bill swallowed hard. The last few days had been agony for him. Accused of striking a superior, one of the worst crimes in the service, he could see nothing before him but the end of all his ambitions. They would expel him from the Navy, and in one moment his whole future would be ruined. It would even be impossible for him to have anything more to do with Betty, for without his pay marriage would be out of the question.

"I'm sorry, dad," he replied slowly. "I have nothing to say."

The old man shook his head sadly. "There's something strange here," he said slowly. "I know you didn't do it, because it wouldn't be like you. For some reason or other, you're shielding someone else. Who is it, and why?"

Bill looked up suddenly. He squared his shoulders.

"Listen, dad," he said firmly. "You are right when you say that I am taking the blame for someone else, and I'm going to tell you why I'm doing it. I had a friend once, and he loves a girl I love also. At one time I had a faint hope that she loved me in return, but this other fellow appears to have won her back completely. She sent a letter by him the other night telling me so. Also he was out at a time when he

was under open arrest, and you know what that means."

"I do," said his father. "Go on." "Here is my position. If I report what I know and so clear myself, I get him kicked out of the Service, and that would make the girl feel rotten. It would also look as if I'd shopped him to leave the way clear for myself." Bill lowered his voice to a whisper. "Now, would you have me do? Play a dirty trick by reorting, or keep things as they are?"

His father looked at him for a few moments, and in that short space of time the expression on his face changed to one of intense pride.

"My boy," he said slowly, a catch in his voice, "what an officer you would have made."

Bill had been given his answer. "What an officer you would have made." Not what an officer he will make. Bill's career was ended.

That night he disappeared. The master-at-arms reported that a motorboat had been seen heading towards the open sea, down the Chesapeake River with a cadet on board. It was Bill's way of putting himself beyond the reach of awkward questions.

Early the following morning, even before divisions, the admiral commanding the academy received a message that a lady desired to see him urgently. The name on the card was "Miss Betty Allen."

"I have never heard of her," the admiral said. "Ask her to make an appointment."

The junior officer who had brought the message persisted.

"She says it is about Cadet Dunn, sir," he said. "She wants to see you most urgently."

The admiral's attitude changed at once. "Show her in!" he ordered curtly, and the junior saluted and withdrew.

Presently Betty was ushered in. Her eyes were heavy, and she looked worried and tired. She was given a chair, and sank into it listlessly.

"Mr. Dunn has disappeared," she said in a low voice.

"I'm afraid so," the admiral replied.

"He left last night, making his way down the river. Perhaps it is as well. I shall have his name deleted from the registers, and that will be the end of the matter. It will save both him and the academy from the disgrace of an expulsion."

"But he didn't do it!" Betty protested. "I know he didn't. Please won't you believe me?"

The admiral shook his head. His attitude was courteous but firm.

"I'm sorry. I have to administer a charge of this type entirely upon evidence." He went over to her side and laid a kindly hand on her arm. "Don't worry about it, young lady. Everything has turned out for the best. He has done wrong according to the traditions of the service, and he has made what restitution he can by going away."

Betty looked up at him, and saw that there could be no altering of his decision. He was the last possible source of appeal, and if he refused to consider the case, there was no higher authority to whom she could go.

She flumbled at the catch of her handbag, and drew out two letters.

"I had hoped that it wouldn't be necessary to show you these," she said slowly. "It means an even worse disgrace on one of the other cadets, because he's been guilty of something like forgery. Bill—Mr. Dunn—went away because of me."

"Because of you?" The admiral looked at her in surprise. "I do not understand."

"Mr. Luff was out that night when the guard was struck," she went on. "He bragged about it to his room mate, and when the room mate—he's called Bulge, I think, but I don't know his proper name—when Bulge wanted to report what Mr. Luff had told him, Mr. Dunn forbade him to. It was Mr. Luff who struck the guard."

"Cadet Luff?" The admiral snapped out the question almost savagely. He did not like the type of man who would let another bear the blame. "Can you prove that?"

"Yes," Betty selected one of the letters. "This note was supposed to have been written by me, telling Mr. Dunn that I didn't care for him any more. Mr. Dunn had never seen my writing, so he couldn't know that Mr. Luff had written it. This other one is from Mr. Luff to me. It seems that Bulge had told some of the other cadets, and they treated Mr. Luff so badly that he had to give in in the end. So he wrote me a confession and left the academy by the early morning train."

The admiral took the letters and read them. The writing of each was identical. One was addressed to Bill and signed in Betty's name, and the other was addressed to Betty and signed by Herbert. He rang a bell, and sent for Herbert's papers. He compared signatures, and nodded slowly. For a long time he sat quite still, his head bowed in thought. Then he reached out for his telephone.

"Get me aircraft headquarters," he said to the operator, and then waited. "Is that you, Ellendale?" he went on as soon as connection was established. "Can you send out a search squadron at once? One of my cadets is on the Chesapeake River in a motor-boat head-on for the sea. Yes, there's been some misunderstanding here, and he thought he was in disgrace. It's cleared up now, and I want you to find him. What's that? At once? Good man! Report when you have news, will you? Thanks!" He hung up the receiver, and turned to Betty once more. "They'll land him at the shipways in Eastport," he went on. "You can go over in my car if you wish."

He held up his hand quickly to check her thanks.

Meanwhile, far down the river, approaching the Potomac line which marked the beginning of the open sea, Bill steered his tiny craft mechanically. He knew he had reached the end of everything, and was just not caring what happened. All he wanted to do was to get as far away from Annapolis as he could.

Suddenly he glanced at his petrol gauge, and saw that the pointer was approaching zero. He looked round quickly, and sighted another vessel a short distance away. Immediately he changed course, hoping that the skipper of the other craft could replenish his tanks.

The men on the other boat saw him coming. There was a swift scurry on deck.

"It's a revenue man," one of them said. "If he finds this cargo of liquor aboard, he'll take us in."

"Sink him," was the immediate response, and covers were ripped swiftly off a machine-gun mounted in the bows. A hail of lead rained against Bill's craft, and he ducked hastily behind the engine housing. Clouds of spray rose

(Continued on page 28.)

"THE ENEMY."

(Continued from page 14.)

his overcoat and five ancient volumes which had cost him much money before the war. But the coat was threadbare, and the last of his books were worth nothing when the whole nation's energy was bent on war. And the egg had cost him twelve shillings; which was a low price, the shopman had said.

"I heard news," the professor said, as Pauli lighted the fire. "It may be that Carl's regiment is coming home for a rest. I'm not sure," he went on quickly, "but there is a rumour about it."

"His father will know," Pauli said eagerly. "He's doing well—making a lot of money, they say. We could ask him."

"He's a profiteer," the professor said. "Fat and well-fed, and— He broke off as the door swung open, and Mr. Behrend himself entered.

He wore a fur coat with a gold watch-chain slung across his waistcoat. He had grown fatter during the war, and now there was a smile on his face as he looked around the room.

"Well, well, well!" he said. "I told you, professor, that you'd get yourself into trouble for talking against the war. And how's my little Pauli, eh? You're looking thin! Carl will take to see you with roses in your cheeks, and

"Is he coming home?" Pauli gasped. "Yes, his regiment's due now!" the professor said. "At any moment they—hear that?"

He raised his hand. The sound of a band came from outside, its strains stirring.

"That must be them!" the professor gasped. "They never play a band now unless it's for men coming back from the front."

"It's Carl's regiment!" Pauli called from where she had rushed to the window. "I can see them in the street, and—here he is!"

She half-screamed the words as the door of the garret was pushed slowly open. It slumped wide, but it was not Carl who stood there. It was Jan.

There was a bandage around his head, bloodstained. His overcoat was torn and smothered with mud. He was unshaven. He had no equipment, and his hands quivered and shook as he stared half-unbelievingly around the room.

A stricken silence fell as they regarded him, then Pauli spoke.

"Where's Carl?" she asked.

"The M-lieutenant?" Jan stared at her, then stumbled farther into the room and dropped into a chair which the professor pushed out for him.

He sat there, his whole body trembling, his eyes vacant, and his lips quivering.

"Shell-shock!" Mr. Behrend gasped.

"Th-th-th-th-r-right!" Jan murmured. "S-shell-shock."

"Where is Carl?" Pauli rushed to him and caught at one of his shaking hands. "Is he with the regiment?"

"Th-th-they're here," Jan quavered. "But th-the lieutenant's—d-d-dead!"

"Dead!" Pauli backed from him, her eyes wide and frightened. "Carl—dead!"

"We've had a t-terrible time—shells and—guns and no food!" Jan's voice steadied, though he still trembled. "I've seen trenches full of dead men, and—this was Christmas Eve when they killed him. The shell hit me, too—here," I touched his head. "I can't think, I

wandered about. But I saw him fall. He's dead, like a lot more."

Through the now opened window came the tramp of the regiment as it passed, boots thudding rhythmically on the cobbles, the sound of the band dying, and suddenly Pauli laughed.

"My Carl's dead!" she said. "Ha, isn't that funny? He married me, and then he marched away to the war—like the others are marching! Marching—marching—hear them, all going to be killed, like Carl! Hear the gun-wheels rattling on the road—hear the band playing—that's war! It's war that's killed my Carl!"

Then she sank, swooning to the floor.

From the Schottenturm Railway Station in war-stricken Vienna came men from the trenches.

The war was over, and these were the soldiers coming home. England and the rest of her allies had won.

These men came back to the homes they had left years before, but they were different in appearance from when they had marched away. They were wounded amongst them, for whom the hospitals were too full.

There were men who limped, limble fellows who aided one another. There were soldiers whose uniforms were in rags, who were hungry and worn and deathly tired.

They wandered through the streets, looking for their homes and the folk they had left behind them. In those streets—like the streets in London and Berlin and Paris—people had cheered the outbreak of war. There was no cheering now for the men who had come back from fighting for them.

There was only cold and poverty, hunger and a great weariness. About the gates of the railway stations in Vienna women stood and waited in the hope that, after all, their own men might be amongst the survivors.

Pauli did not wait with those women. She sat in her garret, hopeless. Things were a little better now. Her father had got back his old job in the University, because people were more ready to listen to his talk of peace between all men.

Pauli did not even start when a strange foot-step sounded on the bare stairs, but she looked up when the door opened and someone entered.

"Why—Bruce!" she said wonderingly. Bruce stood there. His left arm was missing below the elbow, and the empty sleeve was pinned up.

"Pauli!" He spoke gently. "You said you'd come back after the war." She stood up, still looking at him. "What fools we were! Do you remember how Carl stabbed you? And it's been all for nothing—nobody's won really."

"I had to come and see you, Pauli," Bruce said, as he stepped towards her. "Is it because you said you loved me?"

Pauli asked. "That won't be any good, Bruce. I think you're fine, but I'll always love Carl, even though I've lost him. He was killed one Christmas Eve."

"I was there," Bruce said slowly. "I saw him!"

"You saw him die?" The colour drained from Pauli's face now.

"I saw him hit, and I picked him up and carried him to our lines," Bruce said. "I sent him out of the trenches, and they pulled him through." His voice quickened. "They've kept him prisoner of war, and now I've brought him back to you, Pauli."

"You're—" Pauli did not seem to understand.

"He's outside," Bruce said, and turned. "Carl!" he called. "Come in now, old chap!"

Carl entered slowly. His cap was battered, his overcoat was worn and old, the once-smart uniform was torn. Pauli looked at him unbelievably, and not until he touched her hand did she speak his name.

Bruce watched his friend take her in his arms, before he moved towards the door.

He stood there for a moment, looking back at them—at the girl he loved, and the enemy he loved just as well.

Then, very quietly, he went out and closed the door behind him.

(By special permission of the Metro-Goldwyn Film Co., Ltd., starring Ralph Forbes, Lillian Gish, and Ralph Emerson.)

THREE GRAND FILM NOVELS.



BETTY COMPSON

in "The Time, the Place, and the Girl."

"THE TIME, THE PLACE, AND THE GIRL."

Is a woman ever justified in sacrificing her good name for the man she loves? Don't miss this romantic comedy of a football star and a flirt.

"GUILITY"

Sixteen years an innocent man served behind prison bars, and when he regained his freedom he kills a man to protect his wife and daughter's honour. A powerful drama.

"DESERT LOVERS!"

The treacherous Turks separated the brave Arab Sheikh and his sweetheart, but Allah willed that the progress of civilisation should bring a happy re-union.

And "THE TIGER'S SHADOW," a gripping new mystery serial.

Don't miss this grand issue of our new companion paper, packed with stories and pictures.

"SCREEN STORIES."

OUT ON WEDNESDAY.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

February 15th, 1930.

"Branded a Coward."

(Continued from page 28.)

from the side as the stream of bullets thudded into the wooden hull and cut their way through.

Suddenly the firing ceased, and the liquor craft made off at full speed. Bill stood up again and looked after them, wondering what it was all about. Apparently they had not attempted to aim at him personally, and the fact puzzled him.

For long did he remain wondering. Water began to filter through the deck boarding as it came awash, and the engine spluttered to an abrupt standstill. In vain Bill tried to get to the leak and stop it up. The bootleggers had done their work too well.

He had reached the highest point of the motor-boat—the roof of the cabin—when there came a steady droning from above. He looked up, and saw four heavy flying-boats above, their long, slender fuselages gleaming in the early sun. Wildly he waved his cap to attract their attention.

They saw him. Swiftly one of them swooped down to the surface of the water, and taxied forward.

Bill clutched at the wing as it swept past, and clambered aboard. Slowly he made his way towards the cockpit.

"Are you the young shaver from Annapolis that's been getting yourself into trouble?" bellowed the pilot.

"I am," Bill replied. "But I don't reckon I'm going back there. If you've come to collect me, I'm going overboard. I'd be in the way if I returned."

The pilot leaned over and grabbed him by the collar of his jacket.

"Cut that talk right out," he said. "The skipper of my unit told me to tell you that there'd been a misunderstanding or something, and as I passed low over Eastport airport I saw the admiral of the academy standing below looking at our quadron. There was a girl with him. Does that convey anything to you?"

"It does," said Bill briefly. "How fast can this old tub go?"

The pilot did not answer. Instead he opened his throttle wide, and Bill held on for dear life while they shot forward and banked steeply for the turn back to Annapolis—and Betty.

(By permission of the Producers' Distributing Company, Ltd., starring Johnny Mack Brown as Bill Dunn.)

The NEWS REEL

(Continued from page 2.)

Nearly Lost His Balance.

While acting in a talking sequence from the roof of a restaurant in London, Carl Brisson nearly lost his balance and fell into the street below.

The picture he was taking part in is "The Song of Soho," and the scene in question shows him seated on a low parapet of a Soho café and singing to Edna Davies, who is listening to him from a window below. Edna Davies, seeing his danger, shouted in alarm, and at the same time an assistant director who was at Carl Brisson's side grabbed hold of him as the star was about to fall.

In the picture, Carl Brisson's singing will be heard in conjunction with the ordinary noises of a London street.

NEXT WEEK'S GIFT!



Don't miss this splendid photo-card of the charming and popular film actress, given FREE in next week's BOY'S CINEMA. Order your copy NOW and avoid disappointment.

"THE VANISHING WEST."

(Continued from page 24.)

position. Then he leapt across the room.

Both Trent's guns roared at once, and someone gave a cry of pain. Almost as soon as the reports had died away, there was a yelp. Trent had received the full force of Jim's fist clean on the point, and his weapons clattered to the floor.

Jim did not give him time to recover. With a shout to the others to wait, he sprang at his enemy and laid him backwards across a table. Again and again he crashed his fist into Trent's face.

The others took up the shout. Within a few seconds the saloon was like a battlefield. Collins, grabbing at one of the fallen guns, gripped it as Steve mounted a table. Steve took a flying leap and landed squarely on Collins' back. The two rolled over locked in a fierce embrace.

Fargo stood apart watching the scene calmly. He turned to Lee, who was standing near.

"A nice law-abiding place," he commented, and grabbed the sheriff, who rushed through the doorway at that moment. "See, sheriff, you might get my boys along and have this mess sorted out. Take Trent's crowd down to the lock-up. They've caused about enough trouble." He paused, thinking. "Oh yes, and see Jun and Betty Kincaid down to the parson's house while you're about it."

He was about to turn away, when he remembered something else.

"I suppose I'd better say and fix you up over those oil lands, Les," he went on. "Somebody's sure to make a mess of it if I don't. This place wouldn't be the same without me." A bottle whizzed past his head. "Have a cigar?" he asked calmly.

"Thanks," Lee replied, accepting one. "What is your next job?"

Fargo gazed speculatively at Trent and his confederates as they were led away.

"Chicago, I expect. I feel the need for excitement. The West isn't what it was."

THE END.

(By permission of the Universal Films, Ltd. Don't miss the opening episode of a new and thrilling serial—the first "talkie" serial ever made—of "Blake" the famous Scotland Yard detective.)

HEIGHT INCREASED 5/- Complete Course One Month.

3-5 lbs. without appliances—drugs—dieting.

THE FAMOUS CLIVE SYSTEM NEVER FAILS.

Complete Course 5/- P.O. post free, or further particulars, stamp.

2 & 4 CLIVE, Barrack House, COLWYN BAY, North Wales. (Est. 1908.)

FREE to applicants for our Approvals: 75 different Stamps, Duplicate Book, Perforation Gauge, 100 Stamp Mounts. Send 2d. stamp for postage (abroad 4d.).—R. WILKINSON, Trinity Str. (W.), LLANDUDNO.

FREE FUN!

Ventriloquist's Instruments given FREE to all sending 7d. (P.O.) for latest Magic Trick and List. (Large Parcels 2/6. 5/6—P. F. Thompson Co., Colwyn Bay, N. Wales.

STOP STAMMERING!

Cure yourself as I did. Particulars Free.—FRANK B. HUGHES, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

FREE PASSAGES TO ONTARIO, CANADA,

for approved boy farm learners, age 15 to 19. Apply—ONTARIO GOVERNMENT, 346, STRAND, LONDON.

BE TALLER!

Increased my own height to 6ft. 5ins. STAMP brings FREE DETAILS.—ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough.



"All British" Boxer Cycle.

55/-

Guaranteed for ever. Usual retail—£4-4-0. Frame Reynolds or Accles & Pollock Tubing.

Genuine Clincher Cord Tyres. Deposit 10/- & 12 monthly payments of 1/11.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE LIST.

GEORGE GROSE & CO., 8, NEW BRIDGE ST., LONDON, E.C.4

HEIGHT INCREASED 2 to 5 ins.

THE ALAN SYSTEM CANNOT FAIL. I GUARANTEE SUCCESS WITHIN 21 DAYS or Cash Refunded in Full. Send P.O. 5/6 NOW, or stamp for particulars.

A. K. ALAN (DEPT. D), 19-21, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.

5/6 COMPLETE COURSE

MAGIC TRICKS

—etc. Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquist's Instruments. Invisible. Imitate Birds. Price 6d. each, 4 for 1/-.—T.W. Harrison, 230, Fentonville Rd., London, N.1.

Printed and published every Tuesday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices: The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Subscription Rates: Inland and Abroad, 11/- per annum; 5/6 for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Registered for transmission to Canada at Magazine Rates.

February 13th, 1930.

Gotch, Ltd.

Registered

for

transmission

to

Canada

at

Magazine

Rates

.

G. & G.